

SLUG mag

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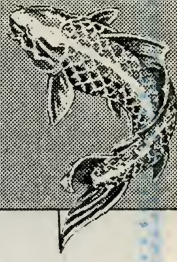
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SLUG MAG is Printed by Hoffine Printing

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Eighteen Percent Gray Inc.

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**PUNX
DEAD**



Dear Stupid Pile Of Shit,
The fact that you think that
Snatch is Guy Ritchie's debut
film proves that you should not
be working for any under ground
magazine. Lock, Stock, and Two
Smoking Barrels made Guy
Ritchie a big star, not fucking
Madonna. Also, maybe you
should see the movie before you
write the review, I know you
wrote the soundtrack review but
you threw in your two cents on
the movie as well. The movie is
incredible. It could be better than
Lock, Stock, and Two Smoking
Barrels; but you wouldn't know
that because you are a stupid
fuck who presumes the easiest
answer for all possible situations.
Your mom is a good fuck by the
way.

Malcolm31@juno.com

ED NOTE: Need a Job? We need
more opinionated pricks like you.
e-mail a resume to: I ama-
truedickhead@slugmag.com

Dear Dickheads,
Gratitude being the key to abun-
dance, I just wanted to list the
things I'm grateful for in regards
to living in this city and increase
the light and love in the universe.
Let all who have ears listen up
dammit.

1. Burt's Tiki Lounge. That little
smelly hole is home to some of
the greatest people I know. And
Shannon is as sexy a man as I've
ever laid eyes on.

ED NOTE: Especially in a SLUG
muscle tee

They are the only place that lets
the music just be. If it's too loud,
learn how to sign the word beer.
Don't spend your money on a
cover, take that 5 bucks and
attack your liver with abandon.
2. Whiskey. Of the Irish variety.
It...completes...me...

ED NOTE: Man after my own
heart

3. The ability to quickly turn X-

96 off whenever I happen to hear
it. Every single goddamn word
that comes out of Bill "it's glan-
dular" Allred's mouth is all about
how stupid someone else is, and
that sniveling little mullet/mup-
pet sidekick of his, constantly
begging for validation from his
portly mentor...well I am grateful
that I have a CD player in my car
and don't have to deal. PaPa
RoAch RuLeS!! *fart*

4. SLC Bands. All the people I
know from the music scene here
are top notch human beings.
Some bands suck worse than oth-
ers of course, but so far, it's noth-
ing short of an honor to be able to
interact with these musicians and
make life here a bit more beauti-
ful. Musicians are good to each
other here, at least the ones I
know.

5. Slug. Cause I haven't caught
anything from anyone I've
pooned there. Oh..wait. There
was that Kevlar 7 guy. (He swore
he was a girl) What?!?! It was
dark and I was drunk! Like
YOU'VE never done Kevlar.
Anyway...

6. Did I mention the kick ass
musicians here in SLC?

7. That brisket sandwich at
Sugarhouse barbeque....and any-
thing that is made from the dead
flesh of animals. YUM!!

ED NOTE Yeah, It is a damn
good sandwich...

8. That Gayle Ruzika never told
anyone about that whole cock-
whipping incident. (Sorry about
the broken nose Gayle.)

ED NOTE: Remind me to nomi-
nate you for a SLUG award at
the end of the year...

9. That the new Porn Czar is a
chick. Think about it. Yeah, pret-
ty hot huh?

10. Music. Music. Music. What
the hell would we all do if it was-
n't for our local Music?

So you see, for all of Slugs little
character flaws, they are still the
only rag that I can pick up once a

month and know gives a damn about the music. If you can't be grateful for that, maybe you can get a job with Kerry and Bill at ego96 and whine about all the unfair and repressed feelings you have about living here. You can all hold hands and turn your red Yankees Fred Durst hats around and sing Papa Roach songs about how unfair and sad it is to be a victim of SLC's oppressive culture. Then you can move to Portland where you can live in the lap of coolness. It's a god-damn blessing to even be alive so wake the fuck up and enjoy what you have right now. If you don't like it, change how you feel about it. It's the only thing that you can do.

-Griff

One Last ED NOTE: Character flaws? I thought we were all so perfect!

Dear Dickheads,
Best wishes to yet another owner of slug. I have to admit I miss that (sweet) prick Gianni. God bless him in his newest endeavors, whatever they may be. Just curious, but what ever happened to J.T. the psycho boy?
Peace and passion
With love,

-DK

ED NOTE: Listen, if you can't name drop properly, don't name drop at all. (It's JR, dumb shit!)

Dear Dickheads,
thier is a relly good punk band out of ogden named "skint".... people should quit the whole if your not from slc we dont like you crap.that is so stupid that the bands and clubs in slc dont really like bands from ogden. if you dont like ogden bands then take your toys and get out of the sand-box.....

piercergod@aol.com

ED NOTE: According to Fox News one in four houses in Ogden possess a meth lab in their garage. If I'm not mistaken, drug dealers make a decent living. So why don't you spend some of your hard-earned cash, and invest in some form of education and resubmit a letter that is grammatically correct. Maybe that is the reason why no Ogden bands play in Salt Lake, we can't decipher the press releases.

What the Fuck?! Has your magazine turned into some kind of crazed homo hot rod fucking greaser fest. If I wanted to see cars with big engines I would pick up the latest Camaro World magazine you bunch of fucking mulletards. I don't want to see fucking movie reviews either, you bunch of sissy ass Siskle and Ebert wannabe motherfuckers. Why don't you try printing an article about a decent band. I can't think of any decent bands right now, so fuck off. Oh yeah, why should bands from around here even play out, the only people that show up are their idiot friends. There's no good rock and roll in Salt Lake, just posers. Well, you can just lick 'em...

-Buck Mc Dancer

ED NOTE: SLUG Hired a Private investigator to find Mr Buck Mc Dancer. Low And behold he is the head of " Hockey cut Anonymous" Ogden Chapter. Here he is in all his glory:



Buck Mc Dancer

Dear Dickheads,
I'm just sick of the writers that think there damn poets and take twelve pages explaining the weather, and barely mention the bands.

pizaquen11@cs.com

ED NOTE: Where are you from? Ogden?

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FELLOW SLUGGERS...

For those of you who missed our Twelfth Anniversary/Reader Appreciation Party at the Zephyr Club last Sunday (2/25/01) consider yourself a LOSER! (That includes you too, Gianni!) It was a smashing success and one hell of a drunken' good time.

I heard a few people bitch about the fact that we had a VIP section this year. I can understand this gripe; if you didn't receive a pass you may have felt "left out" or "uncool". I want to clarify that this was in no way the intentions of the SLUG staff. We bust our asses every month to keep the legacy of this magazine alive. Most people don't realize how difficult it is to run a monthly FREE magazine that does not receive funding from a parent corporation. Nor do they realize that almost all of our fine staff members and free lance contributors DO NOT GET PAID.

When we decided to throw our annual party this year, I wanted to give a little something back not only to our readers, but to the people who make this rag possible- the Writers and Advertisers. We may not be able to give our staff a paycheck, but we can give them free beer, Freewheeler Pizza, and a kick ass show. I will try to come up with a better plan next year that does not segregate everyone.

Special Thanks to the local bands WHO PLAYED FOR FREE: Erosion, Love Sucker, Shimmy She Wobble, Elvis, & White City. SLUG would also like to thank Shannon, from Burt's for being our MC and all of our sponsors.

-Angela H. Brown
Editor/Whip Cracker

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BIG DELUXE
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COFFEE HOUSE
UPROK
GRAVIS FOOTWEAR
FREEWHEELER PIZZA

JACK-ASS OF THE MONTH



JACK-ASS: WHO IS BUDIMENTARY PENI?
ME: AN OLD PUNK BAND
JACK-ASS: (AS HE LOOKS AT THE TED NUGENT PATCH) WHO IS TED NUGGET?
ME: YOU MEAN TED NUGENT? HE IS A GUITAR PLAYER FROM THE 80S.
JACK-ASS: OH I WOULDNT KNOW WHO HE IS, I WAS BORN IN 1979.
JACK-ASS: CAN YOU GET ANY OF THOSE EXPLOITED PATCHES THAT SAY "RAUNCH PRESENTS" ON THE BOTTOM?

IM NOT A SHITTY ARTIST, THIS IS EXACTLY WHAT THIS FUCKER LOOKED LIKE!

THANKS, KEVIN

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Re-search and Destroy:

A Brief History of Snowboarding's Roots in Utah- By Josh Scheuerman

In a state that prides itself with Genealogy and history knowledge, it is surprising to me that Utah does not adequately acknowledge the history of snowboarding. I decided to fill in the blanks of this history myself. Starting out with only a few names, I slowly found out just how deep our history is and what a large part it has played on the entire sport. I had the chance to talk with pro riders from each decade and got their opinions on Utah's history, the current industry and the future of snowboarding. This is by no means a complete history, but only a rough outline of events here in our own backyard, events that have shaped the sport into what it is today.

The history of snowboarding and riders in Utah is as old as the sport itself. From companies like Winterstick, Lunar, and Evolution, to the local shredders of Jeff Davis, Brenner Adams, and Dennis Nazari that pushed the limits while developing equipment and laying foundation of how the sport would take shape. Utah has been covered extensively in magazines and video for close to two decades, but has remained rather small compared to the corporate hype many states and resorts are feeling. With the Olympics only a year away, the doors are opening for outside sponsors to promote nationally what local resorts have yet to accomplish.

The history starts with small mining camps being transformed in ski resorts during the winters. Opening in 1936, Alta is one of the oldest resorts in the country next to Sun Valley and also the first resort in Utah to allow snowboarding. In 1970 Dimitri Milovich started making his own boards in Stratton, NY. Learning from Wayne Stovken, who had been making boards since '65, the first snowboards ever made. In '72 Dimitri moved to Utah, continuing to

make boards, before Burton or Sims were established.

Constantly designing and molding his own boards, Dimitri improved upon each design and after 4 years, Winterstick was born. The first production line came out during the '76-'77 season, manufactured and owned right here in Utah. Alta and Snowbird were the only resorts at the times to allow snowboarding. Most resort owners

thought snowboarding was a "passing fad like the hoola-hoop" and the "skurfers" and "skiffers" would eventually become extinct. This happened, but only to be replaced with new boards with bunjee cords and straps. In 1982 Dimitri became tired of the industry and closed shop, making room, unfortunately, for other boards to dominate the market.

Up until '84 snowboarding was allowed at some resorts, but with special rules. First you had to load and unload the ski lifts with ski's on. Then put those in your pack to ride down on your board, but not on the groomed trails. Each

run and then strap back in. These rules were strictly



Dedicated since day one (Utah backcountry)

enforced by ski patrol. The skiers were quick to point fingers and blame snowboarders for pushing the powder down the mountain, making too much noise and putting holes in the runs while walking on them, so on Christmas day of '84 boarding was banned from Alta. The segregation was unanimous at each resort, banning boarders from their mountains and returning to their traditional ways of life without the loud punk kids.

Snowboarders stuck together and instead of going to resorts, they searched the backcountry to build kickers, hit cornices and hike peaks. In 1984-

cat track, boarders would have to unstrap and walk across the

1986 Dennis Nazari teamed up with the Southwest Surf and Skiers Association forming a Utah chapter to work with resorts and allow snowboarding back on the mountain. Bringing snowboarding back to the mountains took a lot of talking and hard work. In order to return, boarders had to get a certification card to prove they could do turns and not injure any skiers on the mountain. Consequently the opposite is what led to the death of the certification. In Colorado a skier collided with a boarder, resulting in the boarder suing the resort since the skier didn't have to be certified. Having stayed in the backcountry for years, snowboarding started to appear on the mountain once again.

Beaver Mountain in Logan was the first resort to open its lift lines back to boarders, followed by Park West, Powder Mountain, Brighton, Snowbird, Solitude, Sundance, Brian Head and Elk Meadows. Around two resorts a season, until only two remained, Deer Valley and Alta. The two out of four resorts in the United States that are still saying no to snowboarders. Alta has not allowed snowboarders for 16 years, yet the resort is on National Forest property, public land for the people where half are not welcome.

With the resorts opening back up, kids could get rid of their truckless skateboards at parks and venture to the mountains where skiers had been enjoying their solitude for 20 years. In '86 the first Word Cup was held in Breckenridge, CO with Utah's own Rich Varga taking 3rd in boys half pipe respectively next to Rob Morrow and Shawn Palmer. Other local riders included Jeff Davis, Nole Walkingshaw, Drew Hicken, Andy Brewer and Todd Mitchell to name a few. Finding a snowboard and buying one was also a problem. Pedersons and Gart Brothers carried a few snowboards, but no shop catered to boarding until Dennis opened Salty Peaks in '87.

The "Salty 8", were the first "shop team" and featured some

The first Salty Peaks store circa 1987.



of the best riders in the U.S. with all residing in the Wasatch Front. In '89, "Shredding Vacation from Hell" the first film with a plot was released having filmed almost exclusively at Brighton on Mt. Millicent. "Tallest Wave" and "Pipeline" were also filmed in Utah. The prejudice between snowboarders and skiers was at a high, with both competing for

There was an estimated 5 million snowboarders with 250-350 companies flooding the market with mostly unsatisfactory materials. The popularity helped the major companies, and in a few years saw the death of many more. Today the hype has fell off and is at a manageable 3 million boarders with 50-75 companies. Today's pros that I talked to believe that the

ty of Utah has had its ups and downs, it has always been the local talent that represents the state most accurately. Forum, Millennium Three, Sims and Burton all have freestyle riders bred from our terrain. Today a lot of the young boarders have the mentality of male competition, of out doing each other and being better than other boarders they are riding with, while looking like a million bucks. There is a surge of new talent in Utah that has drove the industry and our roots reach nearly to the birth of the sport and will continue to do so for many years to come.

I love snowboarding. For the first two years my gear was so ghetto something always broke each time me and my friends were night boarding. I stuck with the sport and eventually with new gear began to improve and find a new love for the sport. With a change of terrain, into the backcountry and hiking peaks I learned to respect nature and others on the mountain. Look before you leap, always have a spotter, and the Boy Scout golden rule always be prepared. Learn the mountain etiquette and remember everyone up on the mountain is up there to enjoy it as much as you are. Don't worry about being

better than anyone else; impress and push yourself. There's too much ego and don't let the "bling" blind your boarding perspective. Get back to the basics of being with friends and having a good time, when you started out with ghetto

equipment and were cold most of

the time. Some advice from a pioneer in the sport Nole Walkingshaw, "Don't hit a jump unless you plan on landing it."

I would like to give a huge "Thank You" to everyone I

talked with and all of the riders that have pushed the sport to what it is today, and also for taking the time to fill me in on the history of snowboarding in Utah. While researching I came across a lot of names. This is by no means a complete list. Here are some of the people who made snowboarding history in Utah.

"SALTY 8" circa '87

Justin Jimenez
Dennis Nazari
Jean Higgins
Bill Harris
Drew Hicken
Rich Varga
Jeff Davis
Stephanie Harrington

OLD SCHOOL circa 1980's

Brenner Adams
Dimitri Milovich
Brent Lockwood
Steve Royal
Brad Sheuffele
George Johnson
Chirs Bingham
Steve Fry
Sam Compton
Tina Basich
Todd Mitchel
Nole Walkingshaw
Nate Walkingshaw
Andy Wright
Mike Karnihan
Richard Cheski
Mike Basich

GOO TEAM more '80's

Christy Dean
Kathy Dean
Bridget Prize
Lori Gibbs
Shannon Smith
Stephanie Charington

NEW SCHOOL 1990-2001

Benny Pellingham
Ricki Bower
Brandon Ruff
Noah Brandon
Mitch Nelson
J.P. Walker
Jeremy Jones
Brandon Bybee
Jason Murphy
Nate Bozung
B.J. Leines
Eric Leines
Bill Harris



Dennis Nazari slashing frontside (technical for '86)

the mountain instead of sharing the fresh lines. The new generation of snowboarders came from a skateboarding background and the lack of mountain etiquette pitted sport against sport.

In the mid-90's the surge of new talent was pushed mostly by the Farmington crew, who had been riding for local shops and were joining some of the leading teams in the world. Being separated by religion and region from the rest of the world has not slowed or hampered the scene in Salt Lake, but rather improved and reformed the industry. Utah has by far the most handrail city footage and backcountry powder drops on film and print. Most of the riders pushing the sport and inspiring the sport have come from Utah.

In 1998-'99 in industry blew up. With the introduction of the X-Games and having snowboarding in the Olympics for the first time, the corporations have seized the moment.

industry is getting to big for itself and see boarding as a job rather than the core fun that it used to be. Local riders would rather be with friends filming than traveling and competing in national contests to be ranked.



And you thought the pipe was crowded now.

We have the media superstars, but not the competing attitude. Mostly because of how the contests are run and the image that the media tries to portray.

Although the populari-

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On a thin crust we spread a layer of traditional cucumber yogurt sauce and top with a sprinkle of whole milk mozzarella and feta cheeses. We then pile on two layers of tangy gyro meat and top it all off with fresh tomatoes and a squeeze of fresh lemon.

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The Pie Pizzeria

Come down to the University location on Thursday, March 15th for an Interscope Records Listening Party! 6-8pm Free Music!



INDIE LABEL SPOTLIGHT

BY BRIAN STAKER

Rockathon Records was started in 1986 by Robert Pollard of Guided by Voices, with his "Manager for Life" Pete Jamison, in order to put out GBV projects in between releases for other labels like Scat, Matador and since 1999, major label VRT Records. Luckily, the major label deal still allowed the band to do their own thing on Rockathon.

But it's been far more than that; it's been a clearing house for the band's fan club itching for outtakes and the most obscure, limited-edition releases. It's released souvenir items like the GBV bottle opener, two GBV live videos, and t-shirts, most of them hand-screened by Jamison himself in his basement. And it's been a home for other bands from the Ohio area to find release, like 84 Nash, Herschel Savage and the American Flag, Thomas Jefferson Slave Apartments, and the Tastes, who also guested on Pollard's solo project from last year, Lexo and the Leapers.

In fact, Pollard has so many projects on the fire that they take the form of alternate musical identities, which can be found in the "Fading Captain series" jointly distributed by Rockathon and Luna Music. FCS#1 was 1999's *Kid Marine*, a rock opera with musical influences from the Who. Then came Lexo and the Leapers, *Ask Them*, a set of songs with an almost heavy metal crunch. *Nightwalker*, *In Shop We Build Electric Chairs*, ranged from 1984-93, and collected experimental tracks. The next release was a joint effort from Pollard and GBV guitarist Doug Gillard titled *Speak Kindly of Your Volunteer Fire Department*, with the latter deftly playing all instruments, and some of Pollard's most acute lyrics. FCS #5, "Dayton, Ohio, 19-Something-and-5," a limited-edition 7", featured a live rendition of that song, originally from *Tonics* and *Twisted Chasers*, an album of outtakes also on Rockathon, and three other songs not available elsewhere.

Then Pollard's musical personalities went into full-blown schizophrenia with FCS #6 and #7, and CD and vinyl releases of the four-disc box set

Suitcase, his own "Basement Tapes," tapes literally kept in a suitcase at his home that never made it onto albums. Songs stretch back as far as "Little Jimmy the Giant," an ode to Pollard's brother recorded in 1974, when Pollard was still in his teens. Almost

every song has a different band name, to denote different lineups Pollard worked with, from Global Witch Awakening and Fake Organisms to Hazzard Hotrods. The music is as varied, from acoustic strums to straight-ahead rock to surprisingly jazzy numbers like HH's "Sabotage." But the collection may stand as the strongest testament to his hyperactively prolific career. FCS #8 was a limited run vinyl-only release of Hazzard Hotrod's album *Big Trouble*, recorded in 1990. Howling Wolf Orchestra, *Speedtraps for the Bee Kingdom*, was more exper-

GUIDED BY VOICES

the fading captain series



SUITCASE

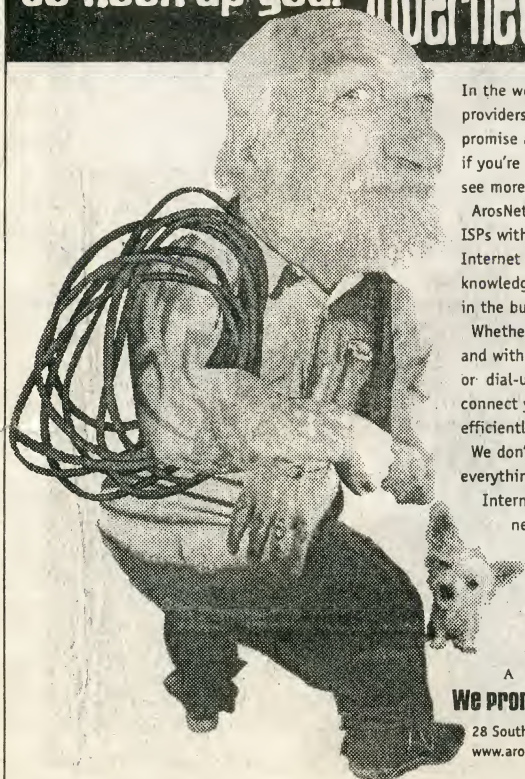
limited, experimental, and twisted outtakes

imental. And the latest Fading Captain release, *Daredevil Stamp Collector*, collects b-sides from GBV's 1999 VRT debut, *Do the Collapse*.

For GBV fanatics and most any fans of good old "lo fi" music, the label is a haven. Though recording in a major studio now, even some of the newest Rockathon releases are recorded in "the Snakepit" (Pollard's basement) on 4-track. Other groups on the label, hand-picked by Pollard for release, have gained note; Thomas Jefferson Slave Apartments showcased on NPR and ending up on Village Voice critic Robert Christgau's albums of the year. A major label certainly wouldn't let them produce t-shirts that said "what shitty band are you in?" In an age of mp3s and Napster, the label loves vinyl, and only came online nine months ago, at www.rockathonrecords.com. In an interview on kindamusik.net, Jamison's partner, Matt Davis, said the most fun thing about running their own label was "sitting around getting hammered listening to one of our new releases."

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One of the things lacking in Hip Hop is my ability to relate to it. Can you dig it? My Cristal popping alter ego "Steve Bling" is currently on vacation in the Hamptons, and my "underground" persona "Mega-verbose Obscure.com" had to return to college, I mean you have to put in work to earn that trust fund, B. I'm way past getting a vicarious thrill pretending that I'm the murderer type as I listen to the new **Capone & Nore** record. Yeah, I'm gun clapper #1, dun and I know them cats at Harmons been talking shit, when I see Elder Pedophile I'ma do him somthin' awful. I'd rather see the political activists lick shot at the president than make a record about how fucked up America is and sell it to all of us middle class whiteboys. Do something, don't just talk about it star. I was full of piss and vinegar when I was 22, but I'm finding that many of the things that I was gung-ho about have had to take a back seat as I've assumed the mantle of responsibility. It'll happen to you too. One day, you're going to listening to **Necro** or some other shocking whiteboy shit, and be trying to cook dinner for your family and find that you just don't feel like it's appropriate to play for young ears. I never really realized how much I cursed and how much cursing is involved with the music I love 'til my daughter got on a 'no bad words' kick. I could have loc'd up on her, G, and been like 'Fuck that, I'ma do what I want, ho!' but I guess I've gotten soft. I don't know what it is that I'm looking for, but if I had to nail it down, I think songs about getting the rent paid on time would be more realistic than lettin' the Belvedere flow. Don't get me wrong, I love it all, from the positive to the negative and everything in between. I have always been a champion of the "Build and Destroy" outlook and I revel in every one of Hip-Hop's contradictions, after all what's more contradictory than a Caucasian all invested in Black music. The most important contribution to Hip-Hop lately has been the Ken Burn's **Jazz** documentary on PBS. Watch that shit on a re-run or cop it from Amazon.com and it may put a few things in perspective for you.

Recently, me and my man tried a little experiment. He played "**Southern Hospitality**" by **Ludacris** in a club before it had received much radio play and killed his dance floor. He was perplexed. The cut is good, featuring production by the **Neptunes** who have a knack for that super bouncy club shit, it has a chorus that drunks would seemingly love to shout. Maybe it offended the ladies on some "I ain't got no big ass!" type shit, but if they bouncin' to **Jadakiss** I don't want to hear it. I told him to wait for a while and see what happened after the record had been receiving regular radio rotation for a few more weeks. Sure enough, when he played it at a party those same girls were like "I got some big titties and a matching ass." People were feeling it. I like a club hit just as much as the next cat, but we've got to stop the corporate conglomerates from dictating the taste of youth culture. Then it ceases to be youth culture, and becomes a demographic that's been researched and market tested and has nothing to do with the rebel eye (and ear). We can do our part by liking what we like when we like it, and not waiting for the official Fred Durst seal of approval.

Don't sleep on the **Dice Raw** record. It's been out for a little while, but that shit is hot. It isn't produced by the **Soulquarians** so if you're looking for something smooth and jazzy, go buy the new

Sade. This is good old-fashioned Hip-Hop, some old cross your arms, new millennium b-boy shit. I love it. The main drawback of this record is it's short in comparison to other things that aren't half as good. It's got guest appearances, but they are relatively few and you know I like that. **Malik B** and **Black Thought** lend a hand, but my favorite has to be the guest appearance by good old **Jesus H. Christ**. The tracks are produced with that heavy professional sound and although the lyrics aren't spectacular or tricky, you can tell it's pure heart behind them. Ain't nothing light in the ass about this record. **Dice** spits about some typical Hip-Hop shit so forcefully it's like you never heard anyone else say the same shit. If you've been aware of **Dice** since his first appearance with **Black Thought** you have to give him the "Most improved since **Big L**" award. Seriously, this is a record for Hip-Hop purists. Don't sleep.

The **L Fudge 12"** with "**Love Letters**" on the A side and "**Remember the time**" on the flip side is somewhat of an anomaly. It has two a capellas! That's some unheard of shit in the '01. The production on this record is kind of weak. Both tracks have an appealing hook and nice little melody but on closer analysis, the tracks are straight up four bar loops. The A side has some mature content and I like it, but it's going to make a better remix with some breaks and changes. The B side relies on a super catchy loop, but it isn't enough to carry the mundane content or weakness of the other lyricists **Outty Cas & Will Vill**. These have to be some English cats or something. All I can really tell you is that I'm not looking for their full length at all. It's worth getting just for the double a capellas. There's also and as for **Monster Island Czars** on the record and if you don't know that's **MF Doom's** peoples. I look forward to that and hope it has as many lyrics as past outings.

Also in the 12" category is the **Beatnuts'** new joint "**Ain't no stoppin' this**" b/w "**It's the nuts**". I like this, but I always find something to like about a **Beatnuts** record. I think the production quality is so high compared to most of the other crap that's been coming out that I can overlook the lack of redeeming social value lyrically. The A side is thumpin and has (surprise!) **Greg Nice** on the intro and chorus. The B side features **Al Tariq** and has a drum loop that reminds me why I like Hip-Hop in the first place. Add a chunky bassline and a chorus that's straight comedy and you got a banger. I hope this is an indication of the forthcoming full length that I will definitely be checking for.

Finally, we have the full length from **P. Way** titled "**The sonic legacy of Professor Whaley**". If anyone out there remembers **Bored Stiff** you should pick this up. **P. Way** hails from the Bay, hey...where the creativity seems to flow all day. This is some dread shit and he gives a shout out to my man **Jes Finesse** on the first cut, so he had my attention. Also interesting is the fact that this artist is not only a rapper, but a trumpet player, Math teacher and avid footballer (in the European sense). **Spie** did the cover. One of the more interesting cuts is **@Ease**, about cat's feelings in relation to the armed forces. All these factors make me think I will like this record after a few more listenings, but it just didn't catch my ear from the get. I overstand the purpose of his vision and he seems to have all the pieces necessary to articulate it, but I'm going to have to give it a little more time. This is some underground Bay Area shit that has a mellow rootsy vibe and if you dig that type of shit, cop it.

In closing, I'd like to pass on some of the industry gossip. **Snoop** is putting out a porno tape aptly titled "**Doggy Style**". Also on the pornography tip, **The Smut Peddlers** are going to be touring with the extremely over-exposed **Kool Keith**. Wow. Check for the **Nu Groove Alliance** tour, featuring **Ed O.G.** and Utah favorite **Aceyalone**, and sooner or later the **Micranots** are going to re-appear for the first time.

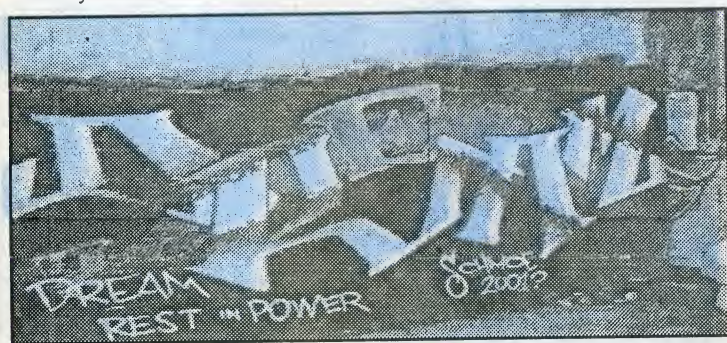


Expect little, be little dissapointed.

Goddamn that's good advice, difficult to follow, but good none the less. Some of us (me) learn the hard way though, and all the sage advice in the world will never take precedence over the years of mother telling us (me) we're special and different. Fuck You Mom! The other night driving home stoned from a friend's house I finally gained insight into what my mother *actually* meant. I was no more than five blocks from the house I've lived in for years (not with my mom, I'm not quite that pathetic, but there is a picture of her there.) Any way nothing looked familiar to me. I was lost in my own fucking neighborhood. How can this be enlightening? That, holy shit there's a Texaco three blocks from my house and I never knew it, feeling forced me to take a step back and look at this as a metaphor for the grand comedy called **LIFE** (sometimes chronic has this effect). I realized that as much as things change, things stay the same. As "special" as individuals as we all are, from time to time we will be lost in our own world. It's true. Nothing lasts forever except forever (and that weird smell that came with my car). Realizing this concept and coming to accept it are very different. I'm sure mother meant well as many people do but then again the road to hell is paved with what? Oh yeah, good intentions. Does that mean the road to heaven is paved with bad intentions? I'm not sure, this shit is confusing. I do love you mom.

Believe it or not graffiti is also a great teacher for those of us willing to learn. This "art" is based on names. We all have one, either we chose it or it was given to us by someone else. This word/name is us. It is our OM. By repeating the OM we come closer to our identities as individuals. There is a huge community that would rather we didn't find ourselves in this way. The yin of our yang. The Buff. As we produce, this dark force systematically destroys what we consider beauty. As much as this sucks it is a lesson. In the Words of Prince Humperdink "Life is pain." Struggle, pain, impermanence, and pleasure, all part of life in the graff lane. Believe it or not the pain caused by destroying our names is what motivates us to do bigger and better work. The look at what I can do attitude of the novice eventually becomes a seasoned **FUCK YOU, I AM!** And we as writers become better people for it. Sometimes "fuck you I am" can become hubris (excessive pride) and then you find yourself three blocks from your house completely lost with a huge slice of life in your mouth cutting you right back down to size. Sunrise, sunset, waxing, waning, high tide, low tide etc. etc. It's all cycles baby. As much as things change things stay the same.

GRAFFITI NEWS: Schmoe (Oakland old schooler) graced us with his presence as he was slinging ink at the Lost Art studio. I had the honor of painting with Schmoe and Stack one Sunday and these cats know exactly what they are doing. Schmoe



left a memorial piece for the legendary **MIKE DREAM** who tragically left our world one year ago. Stack also left a memorial for **2RAW** another fallen homeboy. On a lighter note Snipe pulled himself away from tattooing long enough to rock a burner and gets this months award for the biggest shines I've ever seen. The End. **P.S. 11:11 don't forget. SAY WORD!**



Dating in 2001

Much like George Castanza, I probably know less about women than any man in the world. However I found some great info about women in a feminist publication that could actually help men. I'm not really a believer in love at first sight, but I do think a little observation could save you the trouble of buying drinks for the wrong girl.

COLD BITCHES: Not to be confused with man-eaters. These women aren't sure what they are after. Usually jaded by some past experience they may seem heartless. Good sex? Yes. Be careful these women may tell you you're shitty in bed. Also prone to leave their boys for women.

LOVE OBJECTS: Looking for a "real" relationship? This is your best bet. You might even get flowers from these women. Good Sex? Possibly. You will feel secure with a girl like this but I bet you'll still find yourself fantasizing about a man-eater while you're doing it.

MAN-EATERS: The true objects of every man's lustful desire, They know it too. These women haven't bought a drink in years. Good sex? Yes. Just don't make plans for the future. These women sometimes get labeled as sluts, usually by ex-lovers who get pissed when they start fucking their friends. Consider yourself warned.

VICTIMS: Low self esteem? These girls are for you. Good sex? Probably not for both partners. These are the girls that despite their beauty will eventually convince you that they are fat. Ugly breakups, lots of tears and shit.

COLD BITCHES



LOVE OBJECTS



MANEATERS



VICTIMS



I really don't have much insight for women and how to pick the right man. Even if I thought I did it probably wouldn't help. You girls have the advantage though. I'm not sure why exactly but I'm almost certain that it has something to do with the women's bathroom. You know it's true.



HALF COCKED

BIG DUMB ROCK

BY: WALTER

What in the hell is big dumb rock? Is that a football team with a band on the side? No, "Big Dumb Rock," is how Charlee Johnson describes his current musical vision. Charlee Johnson, a drummer of all things, was once an integral cog in both SLUG Magazine and the Utah music scene. These days Charlee is sitting on his ass in Los Angeles waiting for the release of his Dreamworks debut. His current band, Halfcocked, signed that "big" record deal many musicians dream of and Halfcocked has already been featured three times in the pages of Alternative Press, one of those glossy music magazines. How did Charlee go from writing for SLUG and bashing his drums at Spanky's Cinema Bar, or in the basement of DV8, to a "big" record label? Actually, how did Charlee begin writing for SLUG and bashing his drums in dimly lit Salt Lake City clubs?

Perhaps the best way to begin is to print a few of Charlee's comments on a variety of topics. I apologize to those new to so-called Salt Lake City nightlife and unfamiliar with bands playing

around during the last decade, but this is a pedantic and geriatric account of one person's ten-year journey to financial freedom and possible fame. When informed that Jon Shuman is no longer tending bar at Spanky's and is instead enrolled in law school Charlee said, "Oh my God. Well, he'll make an excellent attorney dude. He always seemed a little too savvy to be a bartender. I found an old video tape of Deviance and it was him and I hanging out at the bar and he's got that poker face and I actually got him to laugh a couple of times."

When informed of the astounding popularity jam-bands currently enjoy in Salt Lake City, Charlee came up with this comment, "They took hold there? It was only a matter of time. Did all the straightedgers finally discover what weed is? Maniacal fucking violent straightedge kids?" SLUG was happy to inform Charlee that straightedge still exists in Salt Lake City. "Good, why don't we turn 'em loose on the jam bands and they can wipe each other out. Solve a few problems in one

fucking shot. That would be fucking awesome."

I promise, I'm getting to the story, but Charlee has some opinions on "things." Dave Matthews for example? "It sucks because now I'm in a position where people I talk shit on are my contemporaries, but if Dave Matthews isn't the biggest fucking abomination this world has ever seen. No talent, white soul, fucking, oh dude, it's so bad. I saw him on MTV and he was accepting an award. His whole band is black. He goes, 'Yeah, I want to give a shout-out to everyone here for winning the award' and then he turns, and he points at his band and he says, 'I'd like to thank my brothers.' I'm thinking, 'No self-respecting black man would stand there and take that.' They'd whip his lily white, Virginia Beach, fucking, puss ass all over the fucking place. And they're nine times his size. They could fucking break him over their knee and then turn into the Meters and kick ass."

How about some more comments on jam bands? "Actually Boston started having that shit at the posh clubs. They'd have these bands get up

there and, you know, inspired by Phish and whatever Satanic entity is the flavor of the month. Do you really want to go to a bar and hear someone play a 47 minute song? That's just horrible. I think one of the greatest unsolved mysteries of my entire lifetime is how Yes' Tales From Topographic Oceans made it on CD remastered? But now with the revitalization of jam-bands it makes sense. That would be a cake walk compared to some of the shit I've seen. When you get a two-hour set and there's only three songs that's a fucking bummer."

Let me see. We've covered jam-bands. Charlee has some other opinions on the current state of music. "When we got to L.A. some of the shit we got stuck with, that was just a fucking nightmare. The Yo-Bitch-Brigade is really big on the Sunset Strip, as you can figure. Playing the Whiskey was a fucking let down. We got into town and our management decided, 'Well, we want to get you guys playing out right away.' In typical fashion on the Sunset Strip they charge the bands for parking - \$10 or \$20 and you get no discount. You end up on a bill with eight bands and so, and it's on a Wednesday night with a \$10 cover charge, and you don't get paid from the door. You can't sell your merch unless they get a cut of it, like 30 percent. They won't let you videotape because they have in-house videotape services that they nail you a hundred bucks for, so the clubs are fucked. But yeah, the Yo-Bitch-Brigade. I go rolling up, first of all I'm the only long hair in the place, and I'm looking around and not one kid there has any facial hair. Not any of them could be 18 years old. I'm looking around and I'm like, 'Oh this is going to suck.' Sure enough. The first three bands get up there and they all play in drop D and I'm thinking to myself, 'Can we play with a band whose clothes fit?' I'm just looking at them and it's like, 'Take your chain wallet out and hang yourself with it. Fuck off.' I got some little punk ass 17-year-old piece of shit up on stage going, 'Yo bitch, what the fuck's up. I want to give it up to my niggers.' I'm thinking, 'You know what? Your lily white cracker ass needs to be pulled off stage, your pants pulled down, give you a spanking, pull the pants back up and send you back to suburbia so you can be a momma's boy with your fucking Dave Matthews records.' The most horrifying shit dude."

Finally, the point of the article. Here's the part about how SLUG saved Charlee's life. "My parents divorced when I was relatively young. They did that tried and true tradition of bouncing the kid back and forth between mom and dad. You get to see a lot of different things. From 17 to 20 I lived in California, Denver, Virginia, Texas and New York. I loved it in New York. I was living there in '89 to '90 and it was an exciting time musically, it was an exciting time for writing for all kinds of fan-zines and stuff like that. My mom was going to move to Ohio and she'd been there and she considered Salt Lake the lesser of two evils, where my father was at the time. I think if she'd been there she'd have done a fucking 180. I just remember then saying, 'We're moving and you're going out to Utah.' The first thing that goes into my mind is what goes into everybody's. 'Oh shit, the Mormons,' followed by, 'Oh shit, the Mormons.' So imagine me getting on the plane pissed off, flying in, the first thought that hits me is, 'Where the fuck is the asphalt? Why is there no concrete? Why do I only see dirt roads?' As we began our final approach my heart sinks lower when I realize that

downtown is possibly two to two and a half blocks wide and it's built around a fucking church. I thought I'd died. This is my perdition, this is Dante's Inferno, this is the limbo land. It gets better because we land at the airport and my dad and his wife pick me up, with my half-brother and two-half sisters and they drive me 45 minutes out to where? Sandy, mecca of Mormon suburbanism.

Here I am isolated, outside of everywhere, nothing going on. Tried to get a job, had to cut my hair, lasted at Fred Meyer for a good 30 or 45 minutes and walked out of that job. Got employed by Hastings. Promptly got fired from Hastings for quote/unquote, my New York attitude. I was really discouraged. I thought Salt Lake had nothing to offer I was 20, 20 and jaded. By happenstance, before I got fired from Hastings, I was kind of knocking around on my lunch hour. I had nothing to do. Started walking around, getting a feel for the city. Remember the old Raunch Records building that used to be in the middle of the park? That cafe right there, I walked in and saw a copy of SLUG. I'm like holy shit, there's a music scene here. Started thumbing through it, kind of got my hopes up because at that point it was just totally useless. I found out where Raunch was and I walked over across the park and into the building and about open-mouth kissed Brad. I started running my tongue along the racks because I'd finally found somewhere to buy stuff and I finally found something to read. I bought a bunch of records and read SLUG on the way home and noticed that they were looking for submissions. In the meantime I got shit-canned from Hastings and my old man closed up the tent and decided to move to Maryland. He leaves me in Utah because it's time for me to be a man and stand on my own two feet. I wasn't even playing music at this point.

I was like, alright I really don't have anything else to do. Let's just put the shit down on paper. Get the word out. I envisioned having a good healthy cross of Bukowski, Hunter S. Thompson and probably Lester Bangs. My three favorite authors. I wanted to be real caustic and as big of a cock as possible. I figured it was a small town and I could really get away with it. So I sent shit in to JR and Natalie who were running the magazine at the time. Almost instantly I got a response back. They were very warm and receptive. They were like, 'Wow, this is really good. Keep it coming.' Having no friends, no girlfriend, no family...I decided to fire off everything and anything I could...I loved that magazine, I still love that magazine, I still look at it online. It was a fucking good outlet for me. It kept me from killing people. I was never the suicidal type. I was the homicidal type."

SLUG writing led to further involvement in Salt Lake City music. Charlee played in ASOA, Fist, Mouthbreather, Consumed, Deviance, and sat in with a bunch of other bands. Eventually, after Deviance fell apart, he moved to Boston, due

to promises made by a so-called manager, with a couple of ladies by the name of Sunshine and Julie. There 3 1/2 Girls formed and recorded an EP. Charlee would like to forget that EP, but I won't. Next came Halfcocked, two records for Curve of the Earth, Sell Out and Occupation Rockstar, and maturity. Those who remember Charlee will remember his "dictator" style, a style he now says was a mistake. "I went into this with a better attitude than I did with any other band. Initially I wrote the majority of the material, in fact a lot of the guitar work on the first album is mine. I kind of did what I did in Deviance, but I know that's probably why Deviance didn't work out is because I was such a prick. I kind of relented a little bit and figured you can accomplish a lot more as a team. There's strength in numbers. Which is a hard lesson to learn."

Today, Charlee Johnson has a record deal. As he said, "I knew this was going to happen. I set out to achieve this." The band name is now Halfcocked. The CD is titled The Last Star and the release date is May 21. The single to listen for is "I Lied," which is a female take on sexual conquest -- use him and toss him away. "I got something I know you want/You say that I'm the sweetest lover, your cherry bomb/You got something you know I need/I say that you're my baby honey, you make me scream/Ohhh, but I lied." To hear Halfcocked now check out the soundtrack to Dracula 2000 which features Halfcocked's "Sober."

Dictator, asshole SLUG writer and now playing "big dumb rock." The record is slick as hell, but that single is pretty catchy, in a hard pop sort of way, and supposedly Halfcocked is a Dreamworks "priority." That means major money, a video, a publicity firm and all the rest. Fucking articles in major music publications and end-caps in chain record stores. To think that it all started when Charlee Johnson found a copy of SLUG and discovered Raunch Records, gone and all but forgotten by the people who will purchase the Halfcocked record, if the radio plays the stupid song, or if MTV plays the video. Otherwise it's just another band, another record in the budget bin and another washed-up drummer drinking Coors Light and fiddling with his Sony Playstation 2 in Los Angeles. Good fucking luck Charlee!



"...I loved that magazine, I still love that magazine, I still look at it on-line. It was a fucking good outlet for me. It kept me from killing people."

The BellRays Let It Blast

By Jeremy Cardenas

It was pretty risky for me to ask my girlfriend if she wanted to spend another night in a smoky bar listening to music, especially on the holiest of love days: St. Valentine's. She glared at me menacingly and between clenched teeth asked, "Who do you want to go see?" I smiled, and sweetly replied, "The BellRays". She threw her arms around my neck, and I knew that I had done right. We had previously seen the band open for Nashville Pussy at DV8, and my little schmoopie pie and I were enamored at first listen. Little Meggy was stoked, and so, my Valentine's was saved. We put on our best rock and roll duds, and flew out the door; visions of Maximum Rock and Soul, in our heads.

In case you haven't seen the BellRays, let me tell you, they're the real fucking deal. They're passionate, powerful, soulful, and play music that will get you out of your seat whether you like it or not. It's a rock and roll revival, and if you're not absolutely shaking and raising your hands, you probably won't ever see the light. Watching Lisa Kekaula shake and strut around the stage pulls you in, hypnotizes you with raw energy, and then throws you onto the dance floor to feel the burn. She's not afraid to let the crowd know that she's there working for them, and they had better pay her the same respect. Awesome. I don't usually dance at shows, but at this one I had no damn choice.

The only downer was the crowd size. The turnout was relatively sparse, (due to lack of promotion?) but those in attendance

were there to get down, and that made the show great. Talking to Lisa afterwards, she remarked, "It's great that all these people came out to see us. I would like to see this bar full next time. We want to let all the

people know." Know about what? The Rock and Roll Revolution, man. You haven't been paying attention? There's a new golden age of performers coming around the bend. They're real, savvy, honest, and straightforward. They'll take you back to the time when music was dangerous, and musicians were the people you didn't want your child going out with. Let's get off the soapbox, and give you the history of the BellRays.



Formed over seven years ago in Riverside California, the band started out much closer to their R&B roots, with Lisa's rich pipes, and Bob Vennum's stinging guitar tones rooting the group deep in blues and soul. With the addition of Tony Fate on Guitar (Vennum changed to bass) and Ray Chin on drums, the sound was completely new and different. Taking a nod from groups as diverse as the MC5, Parliament, James Brown, Miles Davis, The Stooges, 60's R&B, and the Who, the BellRays have succeeded in making visceral music that emanates straight from the soul. A sound that moves, motivates, and makes you want to shake your ass without the sugary aftertaste of the wannabe funk bands so prevalent in music today.

So, you missed the show. It was great. The BellRays have a new release titled, *The Grand Fury*, out on Upper Cut Records, and let me tell you, it's as good, if not better than 1999's *Let It Blast*. I won't preach to you about why you should pick up the record, you just should. Rock and Roll, baby.



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BORN TO LOSE

How To Lose Money In Las Vegas
By Ricky Stink

Gambling, as addicting and dangerous as crack rock. You're high as hell one minute and crawling around in the gutter the next. Unfortunately for me I like to try everything at least once, and with my addictive personality that can equal big trouble. For those of you who have never gambled, don't, unless you are lucky like eighty percent of my friends. But before you start feeling lucky, listen and live by the immortal words of the great Kenny Rogers song "The Gambler," no shit, it speaks the truth. For me, I enjoy learning the hard way.

What started out as a weekend pastime playing blackjack with a few of my friends in a smoke filled basement, quickly escalated into a much more serious problem. For the first time in my life I was actually winning something, sure, there would be times when I would lose, but for the most part I would walk away with a little cash. I was convinced it was free money, so with my clouded vision of reality, what would stop me from visiting the holy-land of Las Vegas? Nothing,

so when I was asked to take a road trip to the motherland with the SLUG crew, needless to say I was having withdrawals before we even left.

The six-hour drive through southern Utah and then into the barren wasteland of Nevada is enough to push any junky to their breaking point. I scratched at the glass as we passed the state line of Arizona and Nevada. I begged and pleaded for us to stop for just a few minutes, but they knew better. Two hours and many cold shakes later I saw the God-like deity that was soon to be my demise, The Valley Of Sin.

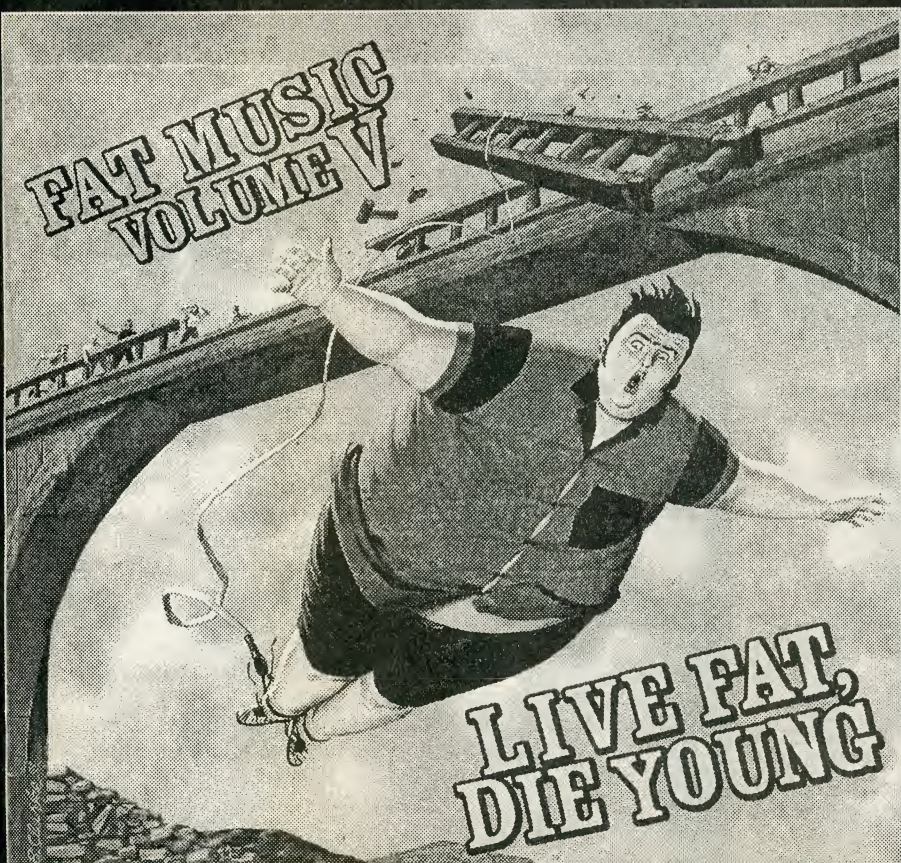
The second I stepped foot through the pearly gates of the casino I had an overwhelming urge to urinate myself. I fought the urge and ran to my false sense of security called the hotel room. Soon after relieving myself I eagerly ran to the elevator and pushed the lobby button anticipating the fortune I was sure to receive. As the elevator reached the bottom level, a winning chime yelled to me as though I hit the jackpot just by reaching the casino floor. I slowly inched my way out the elevator doors and into the gaming room. My heart was pounding like my first kiss or an eight ball of cocaine.

The first dealer that I targeted was a younger man around 21 years of age at a blackjack table. I dropped a fifty-dollar bill and received ten, five dollar chips. The kid told me it was his first night and I felt a certain trust that led me to believe this as truth. I was wrong; within 20 minutes I was down seventy-five dollars and my ego was quickly diminishing. You would think that would be enough for any halfway intelligent man to know that it was time to pack up the bags. But praise the lord the young preacher kept restoring my faith with "free" alcohol and "free" packs of cigarettes. Four hours later and two hundred dollars down the shitter all I have to show for is a good buzz.

And it didn't stop there, Vegas has a way of keeping you intoxicated for your whole stay. With my genes and my love for alcohol, that isn't a hard task to accomplish. So every night the same process would repeat itself; and by the end of the trip I was hundreds of dollars down, short a few million-brain cells, and couldn't even buy myself a ninety-nine cent hotdog. I love this place! Where else can I go and lose hundreds of dollars within a matter of minutes, and kill thousands of brain cells at the same



time? Viva Las Vegas! So the next time you are in sin city remember to always double down on eleven and split the sevens, because the fucking dealers are going to take your money regardless. Fuck Las Vegas.



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Glitter, Gutter,



and Trash

March already? Time does have its way of slipping past when I'm caught up in classes, writing a new play and the continual recording and re-recording of the album I promised three years ago (an EP by this summer, I promise). On to the

less personal more important stuff - As some of you may have noticed Club Fusion has resurfaced as Club @ and on March 25th there will be a Night of the Living Dead Prom, which will no doubt satisfy those who didn't enjoy the traditional Night of the Charlatans Prom that high school gave you. I'm told flyers will soon clutter music store parking lots and velvet bags. April 1st, @ will be holding a Rozz Williams memorial. All other Sundays you can expect gothic tunes mixed with the occasional heavy metal hit. Dark Arts festival in May.

IKON
On the Edge of Forever
Metropolis

Once pegged as a typical goth band with a Ian Curtis sound-a-like Ikon have yet to receive the respect they deserve. The line-up changes and style crisis (are we goth rock?) over the past few years hasn't helped. All that behind them and the old vocalist gone *On The Edge of Forever* is a solid goth rock album. Sounding like the recent Clan of Xymox releases Ikon redefines themselves in the same way Hidden Faces marked the end of trance for Xymox. The use of live drums in the mix also adds a certain degree of freshness to their sound that has been missing from goth releases since the Sisters waltzed in with drum machines. Highly recommended in these times of few and far between.

ELECTRASY
In Here We Fall
Artista

Spare me, please. Do we really need another band that sounds like Oasis? Apparently so since here we have Electrasy. This album is rather old having kicked around in the UK before being released Stateside in the last quarter of 100 but since I've had a few people ask me about it... It isn't a horrible album by any stretch of the imagination but it doesn't strike me as anything special. Pile them along with Embrace and Reef as a British band that overshadowed more deserving artist. As far as what you've heard on the radio: Morning Afterglow is a fair example of what the album sounds like (the first track, Renegades, however is not). No surprises.

IDLEWILD
100 Broken Windows
Capital

Spin magazine gave *Idlewild* their #1 best record you didn't hear. I'm trying to figure out why I haven't heard their last record, *Hope Is Important*. Why? Because this album is a wonderful return to the music that was coming out of England in the late 80's and early 90's. There was some buzz for them in England in 1997 as they were compared to Fugazi if Fugazi ate meat and came from Edinburgh. To be honest I'm still not sure what that means. They apparently don't have the edge that they did circa 1997 but they obviously kept their passion. These days they are accused of influences ranging from R.E.M., the Cure, U2, Ned's Atomic Dustbin and the Smiths, a combination that somehow turns brilliantly (someone obviously raided my collection).

COCTEAU TWINS
Stars and Topsoil
4AD

Seeing the Cocteau Twins a few years back has remained one of my favorite concerts, not because they are fantastic performers but because they are brilliant musicians who mesh layers of sound together better than almost anyone out there. Most would suggest that this is achieved by studio trickery but this wasn't the case. If you weren't there let the 2CD release of their BBC Sessions be my proof. *Stars and Topsoil* is a 18 track compilation spanning 1982-1990. There are b-sides mixed along side singles and album tracks making this essential for anyone who hasn't collected all the EP's and singles. It is also a nice place to start if you missed them while they were around. I found myself looking back on all the nights at clubs, concerts and sitting alone writing to Iceblink Luck or Carolyn's Fingers. Sometimes I forget how good they really were.

CLAIRE VOYANT
Time and the Maiden vs. Time Again
Metropolis

Sounding like the earlier releases from Love Spirals Downwards (before the trip-hop kicked in) Claire Voyant could have ended up on the Projekt label at any point, but they never did. *Time and the Maiden*, originally released in 1998 and now reissued with 3 bonus tracks, the band's follow up to their self-titled debut is a beautiful example of good ethereal music. *Time Again* is a collection of *Time* and the Maiden remixes featuring the talents of members from Front 242, Covenant, VNV Nation, haujobb, Beborn Beton, and Love Spirals Downwards among others. For purists this might be difficult to swallow because most of the mixes transform the ethereal into various shades of EBM for club friendliness. I'm not quite sure how this project came about but it does make me wonder why this doesn't happen more often. In Europe the gothic and industrial scenes are for the most part one and the same. This helps account for how the scene has existed, gothic feeding off industrial and vice versa. Currently it is overwhelmingly clear that goth mixed with electronics is more popular than more traditional goth. There are those who bitterly reject the intertwining claiming that there should be no cross over. These two releases show the possibilities if we choose to embrace the mixing of the two genres. Buy them both you won't be disappointed and you might just expand your mind.

THE 6THS
Hyacinths and thistles
Merge

Stephin Merritt is brilliant and no one seems to notice. I didn't for years. After all who had heard of the Magnetic Fields? It wasn't until Lush covered one of his songs that I went and took note. Lately Stephin has had love on his mind. The last Magnetic Fields album was a three-disc collection called 69 Love Songs and this release, Stephin with guest vocalists, is 14 tracks that for the most part revolve around love. The guests include Bob Mould, Gary Numan, Marc Almond, Neil Hammon (of Divine Comedy), and Sarah Cracknell. But this isn't the Bob Mould who you found on Sugar and Husker Du records, nor is this the Gary Numan who at times sounds manufactured. The performances are surprisingly subtle. I found myself constantly checking to see who exactly it was singing. The music is a strange mix of early 80's electronic babbings and the sort of music you expect to hear while standing on the edge of a cliff overlooking the sea (whatever that might mean to you). This would be my #1 album that I should have heard last year, but didn't. Buy this and then work your way back through the Magnetic Fields.

For those who are interested on news, updates, playlists, etc in our local industrial scene, visit <http://groups.yahoo.com/group/utahindustrial>. This is a group mailing list to keep an information wire alive for all aspects of the genre, local and national. I will be posting once in a while pertaining to things that got left out of *Modus Operandi* for the month, or updates concerning upcoming industrial SLUG events (interviews, etc.) And alas, an alternative to goth nights on Thursdays. **Club @** presents *St@tic* every Thursday night with resident DJs Reverend 23 and DJ Unit 1-Amy-7. The Official Grand Opening for *St@tic* will be on Thursday, March 22.

Top Ten for March

Pulse Legion - *The Fear*
 God Module - *Symmetry*
 Siechtum - *Gesellschaft Mord*
 Feindflug - *Grossenwahn*
 Assemblage 23 - *Never Forgive*
 Project X - *It's All Gone* (God Module rmx)
 Juno Reactor - *Masters of the Universe*
 Suicide Commando - *Slaves*
 Funker Vogt - *The Last* (Das Ich remix)
 Strict Confidence - *Der Hass*



Funker Vogt | Metropolis
 T | 4.5/5

The name says it all. If the words "Funker Vogt" are not a part of your everyday vocabulary than you can stop eating rivets for breakfast, because you're a disgrace. *T* is a double-disc follow up to their latest full-length, *Maschine Zeit*, packed full of remixes done by themselves, and others such as *Das Ich*, *Beborn Beton*, and *L'ame Immortalle*. Ah, but there's more. Four new tracks. Yes, our Vogt's of Funker have already broken out new material. *Subspace* was written as a theme song for a video game appropriately titled *Subspace* and is quite possibly the catchiest song they've ever written. Moving on, two other new tracks that I don't really care for, and then the encore: *Follow Me*. This song is what happens when you have too many side projects and a Ravenous song gets lost in the archives and mistakenly labeled as "Funker Vogt". The album has been available import for some time and has been recently released domestically by none other than Metropolis Records. Also look for the *Subspace* single available through Bloodline.



Marz | E-Magine
 Lung Fu Mo She | 0/5

Okay, okay. Stop me if you've heard this one before. A man walks into a bar and says, "I used to be in Ministry. Wanna start a band?" Oh, you have heard it. Ah, but wait. This one's not on Invisible. Let's pretend that Insane Clown Posse stole Rev Co's drum loops, got Limp Bizkit to do some guitar tracks and write some "rhymes", and got Biohazard's bastard child to say "mother fucker" an annoying amount of times. The plastic used to make this CD could've been put to better use by being melted down and cast into some sort of sharp object to cram in my ear to take the focus off the pain of listening to the music. Or I guess I could just hit the 'stop' button, but what would be the fun in that?



Claire Voyant | Metropolis | 2.5/5
Time Again: A Collection of Remixes

Here's a snoozer for ya, for the majority anyway. The concept is good, the final product is stale. If it were it not for *Assemblage 23* and *Covenant*, Claire Voyant's latest attempt at mixing mystic darkwave with electro would've fallen flat on its cob-webbed face. Other mediocre remixes by *Luxt*, *Love Spirals Downward*, *Haujobb*, *Front 242*, and others can be regarded as necessary, but as I stated earlier it's all pretty boring.

modus
 operandi
 industrial
 written by electro
 j.cameron ebm



Apoptygma Berzerk | Metropolis
Kathy's Song | 3.5/5

When Apoptygma Berzerk released *Welcome to Earth* last spring they pretty much became a household name. The fanbase grew bigger, the club play grew stronger, and that fucking *Kathy's Song* track became overplayed and overexposed to the point that it eventually lost its value. Brilliant song, but a person can only take so much. That's why I was so incredibly excited to get my hands on the single. Remixes from *VNV Nation*, *Ferry Corsten*, and of course *APB* themselves have brought forth new interpretation and admiration for a song that I thought had it's day, but was a lost cause. Another building block for *APB*'s lucrative success.



Mentallo and the Fixer | Metropolis
Return to Grimpen Ward | 3.5/5

After one listen through I have decided that *Return to Grimpen Ward* is more of a 'best of' collection as opposed to it's intention of being a remix album. Among the subtle changes in it's 14 tracks, the biggest difference that is recognizable from the original songs is a clarity on the vocals. Songs like *Sacrilege*, *Tachyon*, and *False Prophets* seem to have a more crisp edge than the originals. Which, in my opinion, sounds worse than the scratchy, distortion-heavy vocals. Overall the album is good, but don't expect much if you are already a fan and own their discography in it's entirety.



Various Artists | Inception Records
Counterbalance | 5/5

"Creating a New Industry Standard". That is the motto of the still fairly new label Inception Records. These are the guys that have brought you the best artists of the new rise of electro. Every song on this comp is exclusive in one way or another, whether it be an exclusive track, remix, or previously only available as import. *God Module* is still ripping up the scene with a *Project X* remix of *It's All Gone*, putting the original to shame may I add, and a track of their own called *Evolve*. *Flesh Field* also contributed a new track, *Disillusion*, and a remix of *Assemblage 23's Purgatory*, with Rian Miller lending some vocals which is probably the best thing they've ever produced. Looking past *Sabotage* and *VNV Nation*, er, I mean *Lost Signal*, *Icon of Coil* has yet another remix of *Repeat It*, and *L'ame Immortalle* is as brutal as ever with *Shut*. This is all defiantly dominated by the new comers of electro, but old timers shall not be left out. *Covenant*, *Individual Totem*, and *Imperative Reaction* all also make a special appearance. Okay, *Imperative Reaction* isn't that old, but they've been around. I've had plenty of people approach me in the last little while inquiring about any good 'new bands'. This compilation is the perfect assembly for people that are tired of the old, and looking for something new and unsullied in the industrial world.



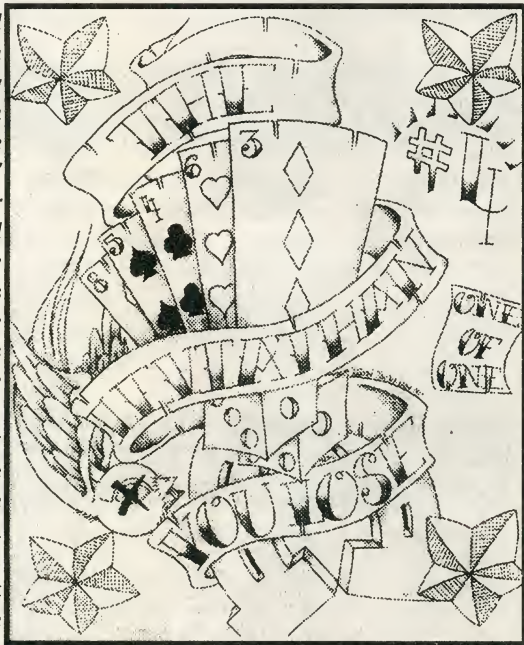
After last month's excursions into far flung reaches of Zineland, this time we find some zines in our own back yard. Of course, the beauty of zines is that they're all as close as your mailbox, but it's a real trip to see what kinds of alternative

publications are coming out of our own Zion. "What? Zines published in Utah?" But just as the underground music scene sometimes putters along and sometimes flourishes, but never loses its foothold, since the invention of the xerox there have been zines here, few but fearless. Mike Brown's *Leviathan* is the most intimate and in some ways the most enjoyable type of zine—the personal zine. This can and does encompass diary-like entries, personal essays, short stories, cartoons, pictures of friends skateboarding, poems and even an interview with the Melvins. Highlights of Issue #4 include "How to Start a Boy Band" and "World's Worst Pick-up Lines" (10. "You must be a lumberjack cuz you're giving me wood.") The amazing thing to me is that a zine of such personal nature has paid ads, in this case for The Connection Skatepark. But that's part of it's appeal: it's both "old-school" and "indie cred" to advertise in a magazine like this rather than a glossy on the newsstand.

1. What inspired you to publish your zine? Why bother to do a zine at all in the "electronic age?" Describe your zine briefly, and why you feel the need to express whatever you are trying to express with it in the zine medium.

Answer #1. Why I publish the *Leviathan*: I've always been inspired to write, it's a good outlet for me, much the same way that

painting is a good outlet for a painter, I too am an artist in my own fucked up way. And the *Leviathan* really started out as a joke. I was skateboarding a lot at the time, but then I broke my ankle. I had been toying with the idea of publishing some of my writing that I had never shared with anyone. When I couldn't skate I decided to get another hobby, the *Leviathan*. I had access to a copy machine at my work at the time, so I stole a copy key from this dumb ass receptionist that was working there at the time and put together issue #1, which was really sloppy. None the less, I feel that a paper medium is much more sincere than an electronic medium. I've published some of my writing from the *Leviathan* on the Internet, like on one of my friend's web sites, but I just didn't feel the motivation to follow through on it. The Internet never gave anyone a hug, but I have,



I usually hand out all of my zines personally with the exception of the ones I mail out.

2. What are some other zines you've been influenced by? Other things floating around in the culture that aren't zines that have influenced your zine?

Answer #2. Not to kiss ass, but I recall the very first SLUG I ever read as having somewhat of an influence on me, as far as shock value is concerned. Whether people like what I write or hate it, if I keep my writing somewhat shocking and provocative, which I try to do, people will remember what they read. And that's how it's been, people either love my zine or hate it. Not too many people fall in the middle. For instance, my dad hates it, but most of my friends like it, all colorfully remember reading it. Other literary influences include Big Brother Skateboard magazine. I don't really get influenced by other personal zines too much. I'll read any personal zine I come across, but I hate most of the writing in them. I understand and appreciate the value of self expression found in other personal zines, I just think they suck. I mainly stay influenced by shit that I like to do in my every day life. Music and skateboarding play a dominant role in my zine, as does my blend of fucked up awful poetry.

3. What makes your zine different from others? Similar to others?

Answer #3. Unlike most personal zines, which a lot of times remain on the sad or melancholy side of the writer's life, I try to keep mine upbeat and fun to read. Another big difference in my zine is the interviews and the way I do them. I feel that the best and most intriguing interviews I have done have been the ones with normal people. Like this cowboy guy named Derek whom I used to work with. Derek would pee everywhere, so I did an entire interview with Derek about pee. Questions like what's the tallest thing you've ever peed off of? It turned out to be so funny. And when I'm interviewing bands I find it more interesting to ask them less about music and more about stupid shit. It's just funner to read. And surprisingly bands are usually receptive to it, or it just throws them off. I'd imagine that bands get sick of doing interviews were all they are asked is what their musical influences are and how the tour is going. I pretty much ripped my interview style off from Big Brother.

4. Have you ever collaborated with other zinesters on any projects? If so, what?

Answer #4. Before I ever did the *Leviathan*, there was this little zine that some of my friends at the time did called Maybrick's Diary, and that zine sucked. It was all sad and gloomy, as so many little personal zines are. So I thought that I would try to fit in with these kids at the time and publish something sincere, I gave them a poem about how I loved my dog a lot. But instead of people thinking that it was sincere, everyone that read the poem thought that it was really funny. Some people even said, "I like the stuff that you did in that zine the most, it was funny. The rest of the zine was boring and sad." The kids that did that zine wouldn't really let me help out with the layout or other shit too much and that kind of bothered me cuz I'm a selfish person. So that was a good inspiration to do my own zine. Kind of like me going "Fuck you, I'm doing my own zine". I don't work too well with others and to have a personal zine with another person kind of defeats the purpose of it being a personal zine in the first place. I do however take small contributions from some of my close friends if I feel it fits the vibe of my zine and who understand what I'm about and trying to do with it.

5. How has your zine changed since you've been doing it? Are there any upcoming issues or "big plans" for your zine?

Answer #5. The only real change is that it has gotten bigger and more people want copies. The way that I do it is still cut and paste, because that's the way I like it. I realize that the format is not glamorous or that it could be a lot better if I wanted it to be, but it's

messy, just like my room. Issue #4 was somewhat glamorous and was kind of a pain in my ass to do, so I decided to make issue #5 just real shitty. Like bad spelling errors and stuff. I'm equally proud of both of them, my zine is not about being glamorous. The Leviathan has also snowballed bigger than I ever thought it would be. I've gotten like 4 letters from people that I don't know across the country, and it sounds stupid, but it really got me excited. The fact that people want to read it is a huge motivation for me as well. Issue #6 is in the oven right now and should be promising. I interviewed a retard last week and I have some good poetry in store as well. I also plan on reviewing dildos from the blue boutique.

6. Why the sarcastic tone of Leviathan? Why the need to follow that realm of self-expression?

Answer #6. The sarcasm in my zine stems from a couple things. I guess it's mainly because I'm a cynical person. For some reason that's how I deal with things and it just comes out in my writing. Like I had an ex-girlfriend who really broke my heart so I wrote a poem about her and how she's in jail, accompanied with bars on her face. It's published in Leviathan #4. Being a cynical person, I love reading cynicism, like Kurt Vonnegut and big brother magazine. The bottom line is, some people fight their demons with anger, some fight their demons with hibernation, some fight with fire. I fight my demons with sarcasm. I also feel that other forms of art are very sarcastic, like a sculpture made out of garbage. It just says something that defies the norm.

7. What about the personal style of the zine? What does it say about the local scene and the person who puts out, Leviathan?

Answer #7. Hopefully the people reading my zine can just enjoy it for what it is. I'm not trying to make any kind of statement on the local scene or anything like that. Honestly I get pissed when zines bitch about the 'scene' and who's selling out and who's keeping it real. To me all that shit is trivial and a matter of opinion. I just write things the way I see them with a huge dose of creative liberty. If someone doesn't like what I write I really don't care. I don't do it to impress people. I feel lucky to have 1st Amendment right and I want to abuse them to the fullest. I think that my zine, along with other forms of art, is a good gauge of idiocy.

If you read my zine and you are offended or think that that is how I really feel and act all the time then you are an idiot. But if you sit down and read it and appreciate the fact that it's mostly just a joke and just like life it will be over soon, then you are smart and you understand what I'm doing. Basically doing my zine is sometimes a hassle but overall it is a lot of fun and that's the main reason I do it, it's fun. It amuses ME. The stores and places that have been supportive of what I'm doing understand this. It's art and that it's enjoyable.

Contact Leviathan, Mike Brown, mrbrown101@hotmail.com.

If you want to learn more about the wide world of zines, but don't want to wait at your mailbox for weeks, or don't have the price of a stamp (hey, it happens to all of us once in a while) you can truck on down to the city Library on Second East and Fifth South and check out their alternative press archive. Founded October 1, 1998. The collection, housed in the basement in the periodical section, is a real smorgasbord, with everything from small-press, alternative, and literary publications, as well as 'zines. The collection isn't huge, since it's just dependent on donations, but even this relatively small cross-section of the zine world reveals how diverse a territory Zineland is. Mauna Takeena is a bilingual English/Finnish magazine with tons of reviews (and yes, they are hip to indie rock in other lands). Thrift Score takes up a favorite topic of people into the do-it-yourself indie lifestyle: thrift stores. Topics like the magic of aluminum Christmas trees (if you can find one anymore) and the

problem of "collector" scavengers raiding thrift stores just to find something they can take on Antiques Roadshow instead of for the joy of the object itself. In That Girl, a personal zine, the author describes "My Day with Sally Jesse Raphael." Loud Paper shows that a zine can be intellectual, as this architecture and design publication discusses Tibor Kalman and the Saigon Zoo. Mystery Date provides girls with "Advice On Single Living," "Records For a Feminine Lifestyle" include "Lullaby From the Womb," Fertility Song Lady and "Songs For a Mormon Child." Rev. Richard J.

Macklin's Book of Letters includes an inquisition aimed at the Lever 2000 soap company about what all those "2000 body parts" are. Moo Juice is one of those great things because it's indescribable, just full of lots of weird stuff. Like

features on Casey Kasem, Squid Boy Comix, "Wine, Warhol & You," and "Jenny Grover, Starfucker," about a fan's fascination with Bjork.

On the local side, they have one of the few copies of the first (and only) issue of In Struggle from April 1998, published by inmates of the Utah State Prison. I have no idea if they are still publishing, but I'm going to find out and if so, look for an interview here. There's a real keepin-it-real punk flavor to the zine. Their "Top Ten Reasons to Violate Parole" include "Going to see a Jimmy Buffett concert—Jamie Shuman's fave!" The address listed was In Struggle Zine, PO Box 11232, SLC UT 84147-0232. Addresses for some of the other zines mentioned above are Rev. Richard J. Macklin's Letters, Evidence of Thought Publications, PO Box 890, Allston MA 02134. Loud Paper, 1521 Leroy Avenue, Berkeley, CA 94708. Moo Juice, PO Box 11619, Chicago, IL 60611-0619. Thrift Score, PO Box 90282, Pittsburgh, PA 15224. Mystery Date, Lynn Peril, PO Box 641592, SF CA 94164-1592.

Some of these are several years old, and as I said I don't know if they are still in print. Most zines cost \$2-3, or a little more, depending on the size, but you might want to send an inquiry first. If you put out your own zine, donate a copy or two to the Salt Lake Library. Then you can say, "hey, I'm famous, my book is in the library."

Quick Picks:

(Zineland cont.) Rock'n'Roll Purgatory covers punk, surf, rockabil-

IN STRUGGLE

FELONIOUS PUNK ZINE

ADDRESSES

TO send zines or letters:
Michael Cline #12262
Utah State Prison
P.O. Box 230
Provo, Utah 84606 USA
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ON STRUGGLE
ON THE ENVELOPE

Any zines are supposed to be sent to us directly from the publisher and MUST have a return address on the envelope or it will be denied. Just write or label your zine name and address on the envelope.

IMPORTANT

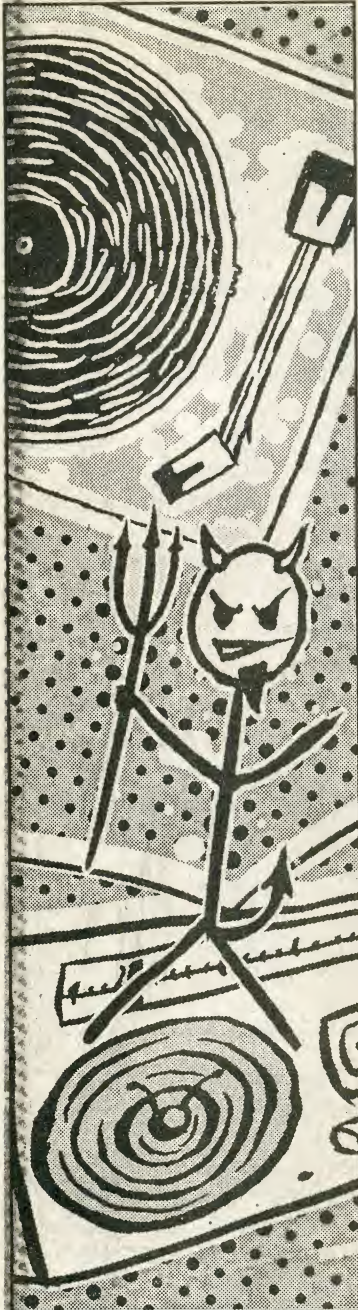
*Stickers, CDs, tapes, & tiny CANNOT be sent to us here. If your zine has any such items included use the address below to purchase or request IN STRUGGLE send a dollar or 2 (if you can). Or to donate money for an ad or anything involving money use this address as well.

SEND ALL MAIL TO:
IN STRUGGLE
PO BOX 112

O.K. here it is IN STRUGGLE #1. It's not going to be as slick as we had originally planned on when this idea first surfaced and I had a job on a computer to do all the killer graphics and not known. Having been fired for such activities we were both kind of discouraged for a minute but we are going to our best to get this out anyway. Some good input has come our way. People around here (in the joint) have been asking us what we are doing and if they can contribute. By all means - anyone can, please do!

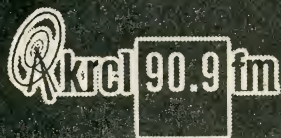
Bryan and Duane have offered their assistance and without them would have bogged this whole thing. Like I said, it's not going to be as pleasing to the people as it could have been, but it's getting done. Our zine reviews may seem like they are all positive, and well since we have only been getting stuff that we wanted because of previous knowledge of them, and we have to choose what we spend our hard earned ducts on then we don't have much we're likely to be critical of. Know what I mean? So send us your shiny zine so we can slag on em.

We've gonna be doing music reviews in #2 so



KICKING JUDY
with Kara
& Penny

Sat from 9 to midnight
KRCL 90.9 F.M.



To: Angie From: Merlin Olsen

National Treasure and local resident Merlin Olsen, of "Little House on the Prairie" fame and former NFL star, has been regularly spotted by local Independent record store clerks. Here is a partial list of artists he has picked up—maybe you will like them, too.

LTJ Bukem (Drum & Bass)
Deltron 3030 (Hip Hop)
Timo Maas (Electro)
Paul Van Dyke (Electro)
Tabla Rasa (Electro)
Tito (Lup) "Garage" 2 stops
Wookie
(Electro-Breakbeat)
Ritchie Hawtin
(Decks EFX)
Kid Koala (Hip Hop)
Prodigy (Electro)
Junior Vasquez
(Breakbeat)
Fatboy Slim (Electro)
State of Bengal
(Electro)
V/A United DJs (Electro)

**Keep Rocking,
Merlin**

ly and related genres "from street punk to cow punk." Issue #3 features interviews with Psycho Charger, the Amazing Crowns, Ghoultown, the Cowslingers, Highway 13, Callaghan and the Staggers. Also a hefty batch of CD reviews. Contact Ben (who also publishes the zine Lethologica with lots of weirdlit) or Lisa at PO Box 3055, Kent, OH 44240, or email [rock-](mailto:rock-ly@rock-ly.com)

Rock N Roll



Purgatory

nrollpurgatory@yahoo.com, or on the web, www.geocities.com/lmd76 . \$2 ppd, 50pp.

Static is a bit slim, but for its first issue it's packed with great pictures of and essays about BMX biking, which is its subject matter. "For some of you reading this BMX is a hobby, or something you



do in your spare time, but for some of us BMX... is art." Ahh, the first qualification of a potentially great zine: an obsession with something, anything, out of all proportion to any kind of rational explanation. The next one promises—Nudity! Static Zine, 2424 Campus, SLC UT 84121. \$1, ppd.

16pages

And don't forget to send your zines to Zineland, 2225 S. 500 E. #206, SLC UT 84106.



Unlucky Boys

13 @ Burt's*
w/ Big John Bates
14 @ ABG's*
w/ Big John Bates
31 @ Burt's*

Wormdrive

21 @ LiquidJoes* w/ Zeke

& Flogging Molly

14 @ Burt's* St. Patty's Day

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In Memory of the SLUG MAG 12th Anniversary Party



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Mixing, Mastering
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Sasquatchstudios.com

Smbox = \$10 per
BigBox = \$20 month
ads@slugmag.com
or call 801.487.9221



find a way out of this mess, but not without some cost.

The first thing you must understand about the copyright laws is that they are extremely difficult to interpret. From an outsider's view, the intricacies are rather complex, and the breakdown of royalty payments is complicated. Groups such as BMI, ASCAP and SESEC are what is known as "Performing (Not to be confused with performer's) Rights Organizations" and are the three largest in the world. These groups, though occasionally profiting the rich and famous, are set-up to ensure that all songwriters are paid for their work. We all have this notion that rock-stars live a lavish and lucrative existence. And, indeed, this is true to an extent. However, the difference between a songwriter and a rock-star is the same as the difference between Eminem and me. You see, not all rock-stars write their own songs. In fact, there's a big fat chance that some of your favorite songs were not written

by the artist whom you associate with the song. Imagine

monitor radio, TV, commercial music services, as well as the 200 top-grossing concert tours to guarantee that a songwriter gets his due from the use of his songs, which is only pennies on each performance. They also require commercial establishments such as restaurants, nightclubs, shopping centers, hotels, etc. to pay a yearly fee to obtain the license to use up to 4.5 million (!) songs. If I'm a club owner this yearly fee is another pain-in-my-ass expenditure and it's taking away from my bottom-line. And I may not fully comprehend the necessity or validity of an otherwise nominal fee. But, if I'm a struggling songwriter in Magna' an association with one of these PRO's might provide my proverbial bread and butter. I should mention that BMI considers itself a not-for-profit organization, retaining only 17 cents from each dollar generated for operating expenses. They then divide the remaining 83 cents per among their represented songwriters. As I've said there are many considerations which determine who gets what share. If you're thoroughly confused by now I can't say as

I blame you. If this stuff interests you.

at all I'd urge you to seek more info by writing c/o BMI at 10 Music Square East, Nashville, TN 37203-4399. Or you can find them on the Internet.

The bottom-line here, really, is this: if you're a club owner or proprietor of a commercial establishment you are expected to have an agreement with one or all (?) of these groups. Failing to do so leaves you liable to some stiff penalties. It's sort of a 'pay us now or pay us later' deal, reminiscent of the IRS. And, in this respect I can understand people's lack of trust in such a powerful institution. But if you happen to be an aspiring songwriter the best thing you could probably do for yourself is to contact these companies and find out how to go about getting your work protected. I know I'm going to!

COVER BAND CATASTROPHE

By Brian Mehr

When I first read in the Trib (Feb. 7, 2001) that Michael Jackson was suing the owner of the *Brewski's* in Ogden for another thirty-thousand dollars I was, how you say in America, livid. The article listed other artists, such as Rick Springfield and the B-52s(!?), as plaintiffs in the suit. I could see Rick needing the cash, but Michael no way. And, for the love of Satan, could somebody please explain to me how a formerly underground/independent band like the B-52s could align themselves with such a vicious cause like targeting bands performing their claims to fame? So, being the old school, self-righteous, punk rock idealist that I am, it was with a chip on my shoulder that I first contacted Jerry Bailey, the public relations man for BMI. I was going to champion the rights of the underdog and expose BMI for the money-hungry capitalist pigs they are. What I learned is something that I'd already known, the kind of thing we continue to learn again and again, nothing is black and white — everything is relative.

On Tuesday February 6, 2001 Broadcast Music Inc. (BMI) — The performing rights organization — filed a lawsuit against Attractions, Brewski's and their owner, Heidi Harwood, for 17 alleged violations. If the suit is successful and wins the up to \$30,000 per infraction, which would total somewhere near a half million dollars, it would effectively bankrupt Heidi and force her out of business. Heidi was unable to speak to me in too much detail about the pending suit on the advice of her attorney, the notorious Ron Yengich. I'm confident that with such qualified representation Heidi will

that!

And the thing is, there are far more ways for the performing artist to capitalize on the song than there are for the writer of the song.

Okay, as far as I can figure this is how it works. By law bands are required to obtain permission from the original artist to perform their songs. However, in practice BMI or the others will not seek remuneration from the bands. Instead they require the establishments to pay for the use of songs. These organizations



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Cordell Taylor, Gallery On the Edge—Of Closing? by Brian Staker



Do you like edgy artwork? Obviously you like edgy music, or you wouldn't be reading SLUG. But what about something to boggle the orbs while your inner ear hairs are collecting magnetic shavings from the far out sounds you've been feeding them? There actually are a few places to view art that goes beyond the norm in Salt Lake, but one of them is on the verge of closure. Cordell Taylor Gallery has been a standard bearer of shows by challenging as well as world-renowned artists for the better part of a decade, but may not be able to afford to stay much longer.

"For our careers, we considered leaving Salt Lake," says Taylor of himself and partner Lenka Konopasek, "even though we can work here and still travel. In our travels, we met other artists, and have tried to bring some of them here, and give our gallery a broader vision. We've also fostered emerging artists: we've sponsored the University of Utah Seniors Juried Exhibition two years ago. We've had several shows produced by Surface, our non-profit arm which includes local artists Lewis Francis, Ivar Zeile and Peter Strohmeyer." The group brought a number of exhibitions here, including two Bulgarian artists. At the Arts Festival several years ago they put up an installation of "junk art."

"We've been a stepping stone for emerging artists to get some recognition and get their foot in the door in the local art scene," maintains Taylor. "A lot of artists who first exhibited here later got picked up by Phillips Gallery (the largest, in terms of the number of artists represented, privately-owned gallery in Salt Lake)." Some of these include Erin Riley, Dennis Reynolds, Shelly Turley, Tom Howa, Lewis Francis, and Fletcher Booth.

The gallery started eight years ago in next to what is now Red Rock Brewery, in between that building and the Left Bank Gallery on Second West. Since then they've averaged about ten shows a year. The gallery has been at its present location, 575 West 200 South, for four years.

"We aren't really being forced to move, but the rent is being increased," explains Taylor. "Everything is so expensive." Konopasek adds, "A lot of big cities offer gallery space rent-free to establish a neighborhood. People here tell us how necessary we are, yet there's no support. You have to come here, do all the improvements yourself, and then when other businesses come in the rent becomes unaffordable."

"Because we're non-profit, we have to live off sales," Taylor explains. For him, that means making furniture instead of making paintings. "People who have money in this town won't come here because of the homeless shelter nearby. But it's a great neighborhood; there are a lot of photographers' studios, and the Orbit Cafe opening across the street."

Why don't they just apply for non-profit status and no longer have to worry about selling? It's not as simple as that. The two say it's too difficult to apply for non-profit status for the gallery itself because of all the procedures involved in applying for grants that would necessitate bringing in an extra hand to help with that task, and taxes would become more complicated. And funding for non-profit arts groups, what little there exists, is competitive, and being cut.

"We pay for everything out of our own pockets," says Taylor. "We don't charge artists to exhibit." "We only take 30% commission, instead of 50%, like most other galleries," adds Konopasek. "We want younger people to be able to afford to purchase the artwork here. We also want the artists to be able to make decent money from their work."

They will only be able to afford to stay at their current location until May at the latest. "With mailings, publicity and other expenses it costs \$600-800 for each opening," explains Taylor. "And it's a good day's work for all the cleaning and hanging to prepare for each one." His furniture has supported the gallery, but when rents increase it won't be enough. So they are studying their options. "I might go into business with Zeile in Denver," says Taylor. "It's a broader art market. Salt Lake is a stingy market, I don't know why. People seem to value more commercial things like CD collections."

"People think that because they can look at art in a gallery for free that there's never a cost attached to it. When you put money into the arts, it goes to a lot more people, and it gives a lot more satisfaction. Salt Lake has such a talented art community, with the symphony, ballet and performing arts. But visual arts suffer; people don't recognize it for some reason."

He notes that almost all of the people on his list of artists above that started in Salt Lake have moved away—to New York, Chicago, Seattle, anywhere that has a community that shows more support for the arts—and that's almost anywhere. He just returned from an exhibit his own sculptures at the Papp Gallery in New York, but was just visiting; he'd rather live here. "There's a building we looked into downtown for a gallery space, but it's been vacant so long it needs too much work," he says, "there's no electrical wiring. If they did like in the Soho/Chelsea district of New York, it could benefit everybody. But with Gateway coming, investors are attracted to that area, and the downtown district is suffering." The Olympics next year is another cause of rents raising, and with the size of the space he's

looking at downtown, he'd have to have his own studio somewhere else, instead of in the gallery, as it is now.

It's ironic that storefronts are going empty in downtown Salt Lake while people like Cordell Taylor can't find an affordable space to house a modest-sized art gallery. "Property values have gone up so high in Salt Lake, it's more valuable for owners to leave buildings vacant and take a tax write-off." You'd think owners could donate renovation,

install an art gallery and take a tax write-off on that. "People think that because they can look at art in a gallery for free that there's never a cost attached to it."

"It won't be long until even our west side neighborhood gets like Soho, a fashion center with stores like Ann Taylor, which forced New York artists to Chelsea."

Konopasek is completing her Master's Degree at the University of Utah this spring, and they will have to do something. "We have to make a choice," says Taylor, "to shut down the gallery and keep a studio here; we'll have to move somewhere (besides the gallery). It's funny, at the larger galleries in town, Southam, Tivoli, Phillips, people don't want to buy New York artists here; they want to buy them in New York."

He continues, "when money marketers of the world say things like (quoting a magazine) 'Forbes Magazine advises against investing in art,' what message does that give people? Art has steadily risen in value by an average of 9.5%, and although that's not as much as stocks when they were high, art has gone up steadily while other markets fluctuated wildly." Not to mention the fact that there might be a deeper aesthetic enjoyment in a work of art beyond the "psychology of winning" as Taylor coins it, in a stock that goes up. "And the top gainer in art was U.S. Regional which is just what we have here," he notes. "And there's little or no support here."

There IS support when it comes to turn out to monthly Gallery Stroll nights, but it doesn't often show up in art galleries' donation baskets, which is their only source of income besides sales (to those who can afford art). "The general public doesn't really understand art to its fullest," Taylor believes. "Most people grew up with landscapes, and they don't understand modern art's expressiveness. You discover new things. Some people have a preconceived idea of what art is, but at least they try to check it out, they give it a chance."

The gallery has shown some of the most provocative and challenging exhibits in the area, and Taylor thinks that has frightened some viewers. Some of the most memorable include Randall Meyers' show several years ago about being gay and Mormon in the state, with a

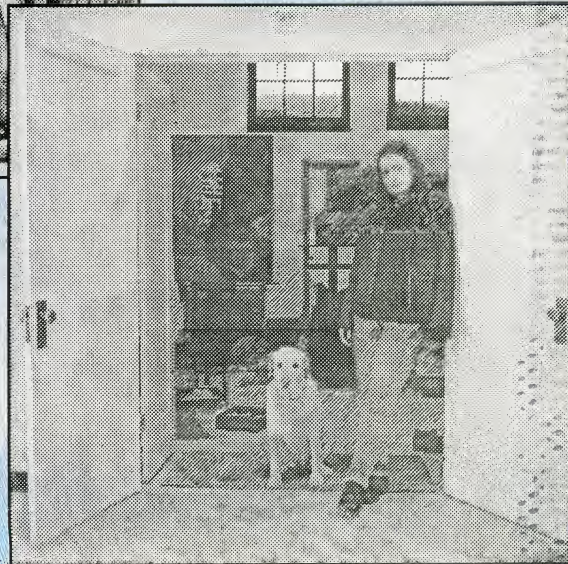
harsh, industrial sculptural style. Rebecca Campbell's show in 1999 commented on the role of the feminine in today's society with mannequins in newspaper dresses, and blatantly sexual images interspersed with still lifes of fruit to make a statement about "lookism." Taylor recalls an exhibition at the Red Rock location with Zeile projecting filmed images onto an installation of blocks of ice, to illustrate the experimental styles the gallery has supported. And the psychedelic woodcuts of Bob Moss show the site's support of folk art.

Do the names of the Back

Alley Gallery, or Alma Allen Gallery ring a bell? Maybe not, because they aren't here anymore, but at one time there were more places to view art that does more than just take up space on the wall and serve as visual musak. The Cordell Taylor Gallery might be going the way of those two extinct examples as well. Is it too late to show some support? Maybe, maybe not. But if you care about art that dares to make a strong statement, it's never too late to give your "1%," since the Utah government no longer will. Even if you can't afford to purchase art you can volunteer at a gallery, or at least show up, take some enjoyment in the visual world around you before the world is made into one huge advertisement, like some big corporations would like to do if they had their way.



Exhibits at the Cordell Taylor Gallery include Photographs of the Bonneville Salt Flats by Jeffrey Conger, March 16-April 13. Internationally distinguished English artist Richard Ballard is showing floral paintings until then. Later in April will be "Rough House Goes West," with seven New York painters. Other shows after that are postponed for now, but were going to include Clayton Merrill, a Pennsylvania Fulbright scholar who was originally educated at BYU. In the meantime, Konopasek exhibits paintings alongside those of Tom Howard at Phillips Gallery through March 9. The two will exhibit jointly at U Prstenu Gallery in Prague in October.



Skate Park Preview: The Guthre Skate Park

By Vladimir Rottensakshit

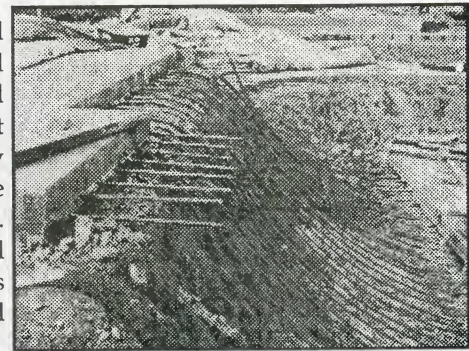


Scott Vandyke pictured inside the Guthre Project.

The other day I took a road trip to the baby-producing suburbia known as Cottonwood to check out the pile of dirt that will soon become the Guthre Skate Park. The layout of the park consists of a small combi-bowl course surrounded by a bump and ledge area. It's hard to say exactly what it's going to be like at this point, but here is what I saw: a foot and a half high double-sided ledge surrounding the perimeter of the park, a bump-to-bump with a ledge on the side, a three foot mini bowl, a five foot volcano, some ugly banks with a taco in the middle, a bigger four foot bowl, a four foot wide table top, a scaled-down version of the penis-shaped Marseille spine, and a hole in the ground where an octagonal pyramid might be. The initial flat-ground cement has already been poured, but the bowls and banks are still in dirt form. The ground is really smooth since the cement was sprayed on rather than laid down. If you're good at shredding bowls there appears to be a lot of different lines you could find, but if there are more than five people at the park you'll be smashing into buddies left and right. Guthre is relatively small, measuring at about 14,000 square feet.

Scott Vandyke, the architect in charge of the Guthre project, designed the park with the help of some little buddies that live in the neighborhood. The kids told him what they wanted and Vandyke designed something that would accommodate everyone's desires. I wish I had

"It's hard to say exactly what it's going to be like at this point..."



known about the park design sessions because I would have gone and slapped the shit out of the kid who wanted a taco on a four foot bank; but I digress. The park was designed by little kids for little kids. To the chagrin of all you vert dogs and handrail assassins, Guthre might have to settle as a warm-up spot. Guthre is for skateboards and fruit boots only. There is talk of having alternating bike and no bike days, but that is still up in the air so all you paperboys shouldn't quit your afternoon routes just yet. The Guthre Skate Park is located in the parking lot of Cottonwood Heights Elementary School on 2415 East Bengal Blvd, and is expected to open on May First.

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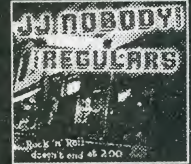
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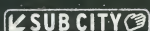
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MURPHY'S

Drink O' The Month
w/ Ricky Stink
By Vladimir Rottensakoshit

Alan's Massacre

1oz. Tequila

1oz. Chambord

Top off with Ginger Ale

The Boston Massacre was a fucking mess. Some guys were hanging out drinking tea, as was the custom in those pre-bong days, when some Indians dressed like British soldiers pulled out their muskets, shot everybody, and dumped them off a pier. This was truly a sad day in the American experience. Alan's Massacre, on the other hand, is a glorious blur in my memory. Fortunately, my supernaturally intelligent alter ego persuaded me to take notes on self-proclaimed champion of the universe Ricky Stink's love-hate relationship with Alan's Massacre, the drink of the month.

All eyes were on Ricky when he raised the glass of scarlet red venom to his lips for the first taste of Alan's Massacre. "I could drink this all night", he exclaimed with a giddy smile. With pen and paper, I posted up right beside Ricky, convinced I would record every scrap of alcohol-induced moronity that escaped his mouth. In both our cases, this was easier said than done. I was side-tracked by my Jack and Coke and an invigorating conversation concerning the perils of eastern block Marxism while Ricky was cut off after only six Massacres due to a shortage of Chambord. Despite all distractions, as a master observationalist I was more than able to sloppily jot down the highlights of Ricky Stink's drunken wit. The following is a stream of consciousness account of the best thing to ever happen to a wastoid, someone else buying the drinks.

"This is a slow drunk. You could consume mass quantities of this and still be good. After two or three of these I might be out of commission. (to Uncle Dick) You're six two? I didn't know they stacked shit that high. This is a happy drunk.

I'm on a downward spiral. Vladimir, we gotta start our band. Hey, this shit's starting to get gross. I'm ready for the next one. Yoink! I'm sober, I'm not throwing down no hammers. Where's my fuckin' drink!? I don't vomit in bars, that's bullshit.

Trouble's knocking, but I'm not answering the door. (eating onion rings) I'm a fuckin' champion! This is the kind of drink that'll make you vomit (throws ice at me). (to Alan, holding drink #5) Why are you doing this to me? I t. ' s a garbage drink. You can't drink this all night. I'm sober, dude.

This is bullshit, they're out of Chambord. Fucking nonsense. (sitting down, slouched in a chair) I'm a really bad kid. It's a garbage drink, a definite girl's drink. The kind of shit that's fucked up. I'm the king of circling the drain! I'm everywhere. I'm huge. Drugs and alcohol are my life. That's it, that's the last one I can have, that's bullshit. I can't have anymore. I should get as much as I want. Now I'm on beer, that drink sucked balls. It sucks, that's the bottom line, unless you're a woman."

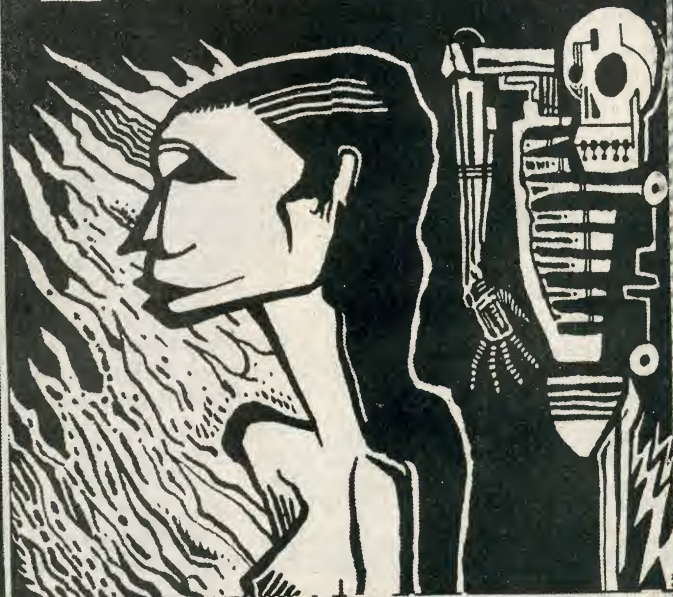
WHAT S UP WITH GEORGE?

This Month I

- Ate Indian food with Liberty Devito
 - Remained calmed when someone touched my hat
 - Attempted to make second contact with Chet Reiland
 - Drove it into the ground
 - Washed the 'ol dodge
 - Enjoyed saying killfoile
 - Agreed with Pete
 - Developed a personal dynamic relationship with the town of Edina, Minnesota
 - Blistered up my hands real good
 - Felt the soaring highs & despairing lows
- Love, George



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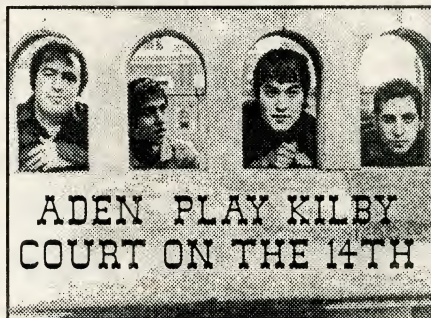
With Your host Kevlar7

Concert Previews

Let's start this month off by talking about the **SLUG party at the Zephyr on the 25th**

of Feb. It was fun as shit and it kicked ass. I like to thank the official Kevlar7 groupies for showing up. Way to go girls! Also, I was approached by a pretty hot chick, who told me, "I was at the **Deadbolt** show in January, and you wrote shit about me!!" Wow!! It was great to have a fan approach me and lavish me with praise. I was tempted to ask her out. I figured that it would be cool to sick her on anyone who spilled my beer at shows. Just as I was ready to pop the question, she looked at me like she was going to jump at my throat and sink her fangs into it. When her eyes started to glow red, that's when I got the hell out of there. Now for the record, Kevlar7 ain't no wimp, but then again, I'm not stupid. Anyway, anyone who wants to send tokens of affections and naked pictures can send it to me at www.kevlar7@hotmail.com, and if that girl's reading this, I just wanna say, "Yeeehhaawww, baby!!!" (Figure it out yourself). Second, I just want to say that I think that the media is and are a bunch of spineless wimps. I had the misfortune to turning on the T.V tonight and I saw "the idiot that we have for a president", (patent pending), trying to suck up and justify his right wing, religious zealot agenda to the American people. And the media was trying to paint him as being a competent leader and praising him. What the fuck? The media practically tore him apart during the Florida recount and now they wanna build him up to look like someone who can actually run this country. It's like fucking Reagan all over again. What we need is Al Gore and Bill Clinton to jump out from behind the podium when "the idiot" speaks and hogtie that "goofy wimpy fuck". (I bet the

Secret Service will just love that last statement; thank god for "America, America, great country tis' of thee", or something like that, *American flag waving in the background*). Okay, I think I've ranted enough, time to go to work. It's a hard job being a rock n' roll critic who has to express his humble musical opinion. So, now on with the show, there's a lot of **good shit** this month, so get out



the pencil and the day planner, and let us begin.

For fans of classic ska music, there is the return of **The Samples** at **Kingsbury Hall**, on the 6th. I liked ska music back in the early and mid eighties, but these days I have a hard time getting into it like I used to. Fortunately, **The Samples** are a band that I used to really enjoy back then, so expect me down front. Besides I get a discount on tickets, since I 'm a student at the University. Ha!

Local music alert on the 7th!! Dark sensual power rock fronted by the most kick ass chick this side of the Rockies, **Fistfull**, a band that headlined at last years **SLUG** anniversary party. Good Stuff!! They are playing with a band called **Razor Babes**, all girl rock'n roll that pummels your senses into submission. Both bands will shred the speakers of **Liquid Joe's**.

On the 10th at **Kilby Court**, the band **Enemymine** is playing. Former member of the two piece band **godheadSilo**, **Enemymine** carries on the tradition of proving that a bass guitar

can do everything heavy and grungy as a guitar. Except, with this band it's two basses. Their new album, *The Ice In Me* on Up Records, fucking rocks, hard and heavy. The opening band is **JJ Nobody and the Regulars**, supposedly a side project of the punk snot band **The Nobody's**. They are in the process of putting out a new album, but since they didn't send me one, I have no idea what they sound like.

A pleasant surprise for March is the band **The Rosenburgs** at the **Zephyr Club** on the 11th. This band did send me a copy of their latest album. After reading their press kit, I labeled them as another X-96 'Alternative' paint-by-numbers type band. Ya know, pop crap dribble. Boy, was I wrong. Open mouth; insert foot. ,

The **Rosenburgs** play pop, and it at times sounds familiar. These guys play a killer indie pop that is both innovative and very catchy to listen to. I highly recommend this show and their new disc to anybody who is looking for some great music.

Be at **DV8** on the 12th for the return of the **Australian Punkabilly**

band **The Living End**. Hopefully, all the radio play for their last record hasn't ruined the musical integrity of this great band. I haven't heard their new record yet, but I've been hearing good things. The last time I saw **The Living End** play live, they raised and set fire to the roof of the club, I can guarantee that they will repeat that bombastic feat.

Rockabilly fans who attend **The Living End** will want to be at **Burt's Tiki Lounge** the following

night, the 14th, for the return of **Big John Bates**. This man's record burns with such boot stomping intensity, that I about spontaneously combusted upon listening to it. Plus, check out the sexy female stand-up bass player and temptress dancers. Locals **The Unlucky Boys**, who always put on a helluva good show each and every time they play live, will be opening; so make sure to get their early and start downing the whiskey. See ya'll there.

If you're the more sensitive type there is a **Kilby Court** show also on the 14th. The band is called **Aden** and they sound so much like **Sebadoh** that upon listening to their disc, I had to constantly check to make sure that **Lou Barlow** wasn't in **Aden's** line-up. Unless you like very melodic indie rock that clones **Sebadoh's** music, take in the **Big John Bates** show instead that night.

The most laughable show of the month is the 14th at the **Zephyr Club**. Now, I remember buying and listening to **Gene Loves Jezebel** records back in the mid eighties. I used to get the shit beat out of me for liking this band. And now all the college bimbos and jocks will be there that night thinking they are so cool, because it's an "80's flashback band". Besides, how many of the original members of the band are still in it? Just one!! Plus, their new records stink bad. 'Nuff said.

Local music alert!! One of the most creative and innovative bands in Salt Lake City will be playing at **Liquid Joe's** on the 14th. If the people reading haven't yet taken in a **Gerald Music** show yet, get your ass down there that night. Lush female vocals backed with the most experimental jazz-fusion atmospheric soundscapes ever played locally.

Two nights of **Danny Dean**, **The Homewreckers**, and **The Specials** at the **Zephyr Club**. Prepare



yourself for the night of the 16th and the 17th for

some drunken swagger mayhem. Grease that hair up and show the crowd in attendance what it's all about. Just keep the swing dancers away from there.

Kilby Court show on the 17th, featuring a band called **Cursive**, who supposedly had the fortune to share the stage with **At The Drive In**. They describe themselves as a hard rock / dreary pop band. The lyrics are inspired by the recent divorce of the lead singer and the emotional angst

that resulted from it. Should be good.

Punk pop band **Link 80** will be at, again another *Kilby Court* show on the 20th. Is it just me or is Kilby one of the best places to see great indie and small shows were one can get right up front and see up the nostrils of the lead vocalist as he sings?

The **Dashboard Heaters**, a band that describes themselves as having a classic rock 2000 sound, or a straight ahead southern guitar band, is playing at the *Zephyr Club* on the 21st. Once again, this band didn't send me a disc, so I can't really give you my best honest comparisons of their music. As I've discovered from press kits, words can only say so much, and most of the time their kits usually have descriptive words that don't really work with the band's sound. So, attend this show and then e-mail me and let me know if it was any good.

If hip-hop is more your flavor, there is the **Ground Control All-stars Show** featuring **Aceyalone**, **Masterminds**, **Rasco**, and **EDO. G.** at *Bricks*, also on the 21st. Described as coming from the West Coast independent hip-hop label that Jurassic 5 and Kool Keith originated from, this show should be a good one for getting schooled on the old school stylings of Hip-hop, word homey.

Actually, the only real solution for the evening of the 21st should be the al-fucking-mighty return of the fastest, loudest, most pissed off band of late: **Zeke**. Opening, the best band of last summers **Warped Tour**: **Flogging Molly**. Both at *Liquid Joe's*. First Zeke. They hail from Seattle; they play a hybrid mix of Metal and Punk. Motorhead comes to mind. Drummer threw drumsticks into rafters and creamed some bimbo at their last show. Greasers and Slickers are encouraged to see this band tear it up, if they dare!! Flogging Molly is an Irish drinking band that has a punk backbone. Guitar, bass, drums, fiddle, accordion, and mandolin, get the idea. They put on one of the best

live shows ever seen. Definitely going to be the best show of March, attendance is a must for anyone who faithfully reads my column or is a groupie.

The 23rd has the return



of **Lee Rocker** at the *Dead Goat Saloon*. I had the pleasure of interviewing this former Stray Cat, and he is one hell of a cool and talented guy. His discs are killer and he puts on a damn good show every single time. I encourage every greaser or anyone who reads this column to also attend this gig. See a godfather of the rockabilly and greaser movement laying down the law with his fiery stand-up bass slapping.

Local bands alert!!! On the 24th, at *Kilby Court*, ska & punk bands **Spitball**, **Underlie**, and **Mean Monsters** will allow you to look up their nostrils as they go through their skanking-punking moves. Support local music, dammit!!

The other must attend and eagerly awaited show of the month is on the 29th, at *DV8*. My girls, **The Donnas** are coming to town with **Bratmobile**, and **Selby Tigers**. The Donnas just turned 21, and are willing to show how easily they could beat up Christina (how the fuck do you say that last name!?) and Britany Opssy-Poopsy and still make it back in time to the Catholic school dorms to get drunk off Boilermakers and play strip poker with Angus Young of AC/DC. In fact, that's the best way to describe The Donnas is hybrid punk meets metal. An all girl crossing of AC/DC meets The Ramones, with an 21 year old attitude of partying and getting on boys thrown in for good measure. Don't miss these girls put on one of the most scorching shows of the Spring.

If your background is the rhymin' hip-hop verses, then also

on the 29th, is the **Stank Love Tour** featuring **Outkast** and **Ludacris** at the *E-Center*. Described as Southern hip-hop with a positive vibe, this show should be a healthy dose of gangsta promotion, which in itself, is not a bad thang. Be there if you can't get into The Donnas or if the rhymin' and turntables is your life and style of music.

That's it everyone. As ya'll can see, this month is chock full of good shit to attend. Sso choose wisely which shows to attend. As a reminder, don't forget to look out for the return of **Avail** on the 2nd, **Hot Water Music** and **Leatherface** on the 6th of April, at *DV8*. Also, get your tickets now for **AC/DC** on the 12th of April, at the *E-Center*. I can guarantee that show will sell out, and not being able to see the gods of greaser metal in concert would be blasphemy. Alright, I'm outta here. So, until next month, of all you must remember, in the immortal words of numero uno margarita senorita, Dawn the woMan, "I ain't no stinkin' chicken." And that folks, are words to live by.

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Geriatric
Rock:
Esoteric
Music
for Niche
Markets



I would like to make it perfectly clear that geriatric rock does not mean rockabilly music. The first edition of "Geriatric Rock" is devoted to record reviews, mostly of "folk" orientated records. Next time something else might happen, but in the meantime – there's more to life than trends and the individuals creating the following music are timeless. A common misconception associated with "folk," "bluegrass," "blues," "surf," and just plain old fashioned rock 'n' roll is that the music only appeals to older people. However, a study of "roots" music fans, the results of which were printed in the pages of Billboard magazine, discovered that roots music fans are usually young, highly educated, affluent and white. Sorry about the white part. There's another thing about this music. As a rule the music is banned from "chain stores." Your typical suburban "big box" and Wal-Mart isn't the place to look. Neither is the mall store. You have to shop at locally owned and operated independent stores and may such stores live long and prosper. Rock on all ye young, esoteric geriatrics.

Rodney Crowell
The Houston Kid
Sugarhill Records

Rodney Crowell is a Grammy award winner and he's made his living as a songwriter. The nearest comparison to Crowell is probably Jim Lauderdale because even though they both release astounding solo recordings, those recordings are mostly overlooked. As a result others make bank on Crowell's songs. These days Crowell, who counts Foghat as a

contributor to his royalty check fund, is making records on his own dime, kind of like Jimmy Dale Gilmore. The release of interest is a dedication to his childhood. A childhood spent growing up on the wrong side of the tracks in Houston with a wife beater for a father and a mother who attempted to murder the father. All story songs can't be true, for example, "Highway 17," is a song about armed robbery and prison. Crowell hasn't done any prison time and the song twist concerns "15 Grand." See, the guy robbed and robbed and buried \$15,000. After his capture he dreamed of the money while doing his time. After his release from prison he discovered that his money was paved over. They built a fucking freeway over the top. That's a commentary on progress and crime like few can write. Johnny Cash makes a guest appearance for "I Walk the Line (Revisited)" and overall the music lies someplace between the Everly Brothers and...well, Rodney Crowell.

Johnny Dowd
Temporary Shelter
Koch Records

The third release from Johnny Dowd arrives with a bang. When "one" releases an all-time classic of the horror roots genre such as 1999's *Pictures From Life's Other Side* and when "one" is well into middle age, home plate is a long ways away from a position in left field. That's pretty much where Dowd resides. The most obviously spooky song on *Temporary Shelter* is "Golden Rule," where Dowd steals a young mother from her husband and her parents and then...once he

has her booked into a motel room and prepared for infidelity...the duo recite the Golden Rule together. "Hell or High Water" places a close second, what with these lyrics, "Sometimes late at night when I'm wallowing in fear/You lay down beside me and whisper in my ear/You say all the doors are locked and all the windows too/We'll just lie here together and watch the black sky turn a shade of blue/Maybe we'll make love, you'll put your tongue down my throat/You'll pull the words from my mouth, the ones I wish I'd wrote." Such lyrics and scenarios are backed by a delicate woman singing duets/back-up (Kim Sherwood-Caso) led by Dowd's caw and completed by rhythmic backwoods minimalism as presented by grave robbers, diggers and morticians banging away on drums, and keyboards recalling funeral parlors or yard sales held beneath cypress trees. As gorgeous as it gets.

Jim White
No Such Place
Luaka Bop

Jim White and Johnny Dowd are often compared to each other. In fact, visit CDnow.com for the clichéd, "customer's purchasing this title also bought." Hmm. The same customers bought Johnny Dowd and Jim White? Here's another useless fact: Dowd and White will appear one after the other at the SXSW music festival in Austin, Texas. That ought to bring out a bunch of people who used to love the Cure. I prefer Dowd over White simply because Dowd is more twisted and demented. Not that White isn't demented, he's simply better financed and his latest features production from such as Morcheeba and Andrew Hale, known for Sade work. White also has major label backing and the support of David Byrne. So, while Dowd creates/recites dark poetry as his band plays on White receives production and technology for tales nearly as bleak, but not as twisted. White meets an old lover/friend in a Greyhound station on Christmas Eve and he depicts a murderous woman who hates men even as she beds them, of course in order to kill them. And White loves pretty girls who dig heart shaped holes in the dirt. His version of Roger Miller's "King of the Road" is without question a weirder interpretation than Eric Heatherly's modern "Hot Country" take on the Statler Brother's "Flowers On the Wall,"

but while the tunes were originally quite similar mid-60s hits, pop radio isn't as desperate for reinterpretations as modern country radio today. In the end White is somber and as promoted – "sadcore trip hop." Not that *No Such Place* isn't a pleasing album, it is, but the production tends to take away the evil and to my ears, Dowd's evil is best for that simple reason.

Amy Ray
Stag
Daemon Records

Amy Ray's Daemon Records is an excellent example of esoteric music for niche markets. Most of the catalog is simply too weird for categories and plenty of females are represented. What reason Ray has for releasing her solo debut on her own label is unknown, creative freedom is a possibility. For anyone who doesn't know, Amy Ray is an Indigo Girl. Her new disc features Joan Jett, the Butchies, Kelly Hogan with the Rock*A*Teens, Danielle Howle and even the used of Chris Stamey's recording studio. Kelly Hogan left the Rock*A*Teens for a solo career a long time ago. Chris Stamey is still best known for his presence in the dB's and so on and so forth. The disc opens with a hoe-down concerning a brother possessed by Satan, an evil man who died by hanging. An appropriate beginning considering some of the other CDs included here. "Laramie," no surprise, appears as a condemnation of a very famous hate crime, or at least that's my take. "Laramie" isn't voted "song most likely to cause controversy." That honor goes to "Lucystoners," again with backing from the Butchies. "Lucystoners don't need boners/Ain't no man could ever own her/With the boys she had her nerve/Gonna give the girls what they deserve." Then there's "Hey Castrator." With the exception of "Johnny Rottentail," the opener and "Lazyboy," both of which are Ray and her mandolin, the disc is straight rock. Sometimes sounding like REM/dB's, due obviously to the Atlanta setting, except with themes addressing issues of sexuality. The best tunes are the most blatant and raucous. "Lucystoners," "Black Heart Today" and "Johnny Rottentail" stick out. Somehow I believe Indigo Girls fans are going to love *Stag* if they can find a copy. Can the fame of an Amy Ray break the typical chain store aversion to independently released product?

REFLECTIONS ON ELVIS

BY: JEREMY CARDENAS,
PROFESSIONAL PIECE OF TRASH

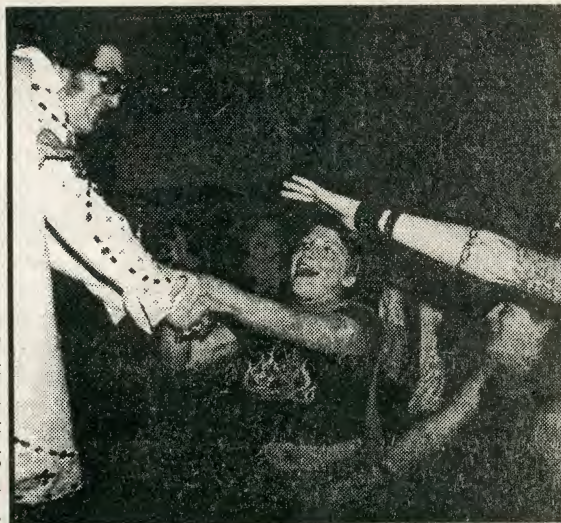
On Sunday, February 25th I was a bit down. The next day was going to be my 27th birthday, my back hurt from falling off of a table at Burt's, and I had chipped a tooth on a microphone somewhere in the melee. I wanted to lie around doing nothing, but that was not to be, because the telephone rang. I picked it up, and the voice of the angelic whip cracker at SLUG Magazine rang out, "Jeremy, I need you to do me a favor." "What?" I asked, hoping it didn't involve moving. "I need you to bring a strobe light down to the Zephyr Club, Elvis needs it." "What the hell are you talking about?" I asked, sitting up to adjust my ice pack. "Elvis, he needs a strobe light. Do you have one?" Not wanting to disappoint The King, I replied, "Yeah, I'll drop it off in an hour." I had completely forgotten that the SLUG Anniversary party was going down that night (although I was reminded almost daily by friends and staff members). I quickly donned my black studded SLUG shirt, grabbed the strobe, and hit the road.

Upon arriving at the club, I noticed the heavily decorated and densely populated upstairs section of the Zephyr. Various SLUG staffers and their little cronies were milling about everywhere. The complementary beer was a flowin', and the party was getting into high gear. Downstairs was jammed with all your local favorite underground scenesters and various lookers on. I walked through the vel-

vet red rope strategically positioned at the foot of the stairs, and attempted to find a seat. No dice. The place was jammed to the gills. So, I figured I would socialize, and all was well with the world.

That's when it happened. The lights went dim, and the voice that turned an entire generation into chicken fried steak eatin', pill poppin', Cadillac drivin', nostalgia hungry lunatics wafted out from the overhead P.A. like a million shiny sequins on a tight white jumpsuit. The King had entered the building. I remember turning, slowly, like in a movie when the main character has his epiphany, and finally sees the light. I watched a gaggle of young beauties rush the stage, eager for a kiss, and a satin scarf straight out of the annals of rock and roll history. I don't remember which song he was crooning, but he knew that he was workin' it, and there was no turning back.

I found out later that it indeed wasn't the real King up on the stage. Although SLUG has a lot of pull, and might have been able to bring Him and Jim Morrison out of hiding. No, The King that night was a regular man, with an extraordinary talent. His name is Phil Garcia, and his Elvis gig is only part time. Turns out he's a train engineer, and from the scuttlebutt I heard, he had to make quite a sacrifice to be able to attend the party that night. I, personally, would like to thank him for making the SLUG Anniversary Party something special, (not to mention the rest of the talent that night, which I could write another 2000 words about). Thanks Phil, and thank you, the readers and supporters for making SLUG the rock and roll monolith that it is today.



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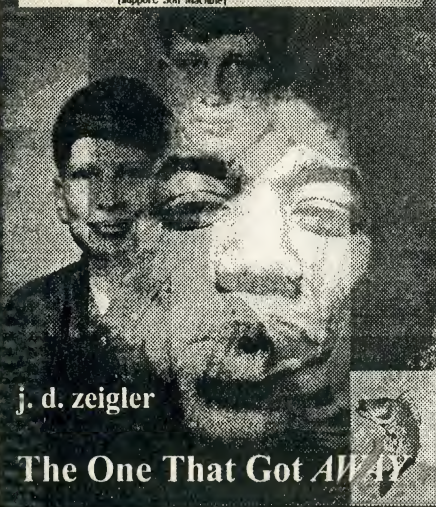
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26 JAY-Z and Rick O'Keefe
WKYC, Cleveland, Ohio. Radio interview (five transmitters)
[support: Soft Machine]
27 TEEN AMERICA BUILDING, LION'S DELAWARE CO. FARM
GROUNDS, MUNCIE, INDIANA
[support: The Glass Calendar, Soft Machine]
28 XAVIER UNIVERSITY FIELDHOUSE, CINCINNATI, OHIO
[support: Soft Machine]
29 Chicago University, Chicago, Illinois
[support: Soft Machine]



j. d. zeigler

The One That Got Away

of seeing him literally kiss the sky. Instead, Trout was distracted by a long row of electric guitars, leaning against the tour bus parked behind the stage, each waiting for its predecessor to go out of tune or break a string in the brilliantly abusive hands of its master. Squeezing through the small space under the stage like the weasel he somewhat resembled, Trout nicked the first instrument in line.

Or so he said.

"Oh yeah, what kind of guitar is it?" scoffed Steve credulously.

"An electric guitar, stupid," replied Trout.

"He means what brand, doofus, like a Gibson or Fender," sarcastically explained Rick in his snottiest kid brother voice. According to the fraternal code, only he was allowed to call Steve stupid.

"How the hell should I know?" whined Trout defensively.

"Shit. You don't have Hendrix's guitar," Steve scolded, "And don't lie to your friends anymore. There aren't that many of us."

"Do to. Come and see it. I hid it in the garage behind the snow tires."

"Yeah, right," Steve picked his bicycle up from where it lay in the deserted schoolyard, motioning for Rick to do the same.

"C'mon. It's suppertime. Let's go home," he said to his brother. To Trout he said curtly, "See you in class," and rode away.

But, on the brothers' way to school the next day, Trout, triumphantly waving a copy of "The Muncie Star", joined them.

"See!" he crowed, holding a full-page ad up to their faces. "\$250 reward, 1968 Fender Stratocaster, sunburst body, maple neck. No questions asked," he read proudly. "Now do you believe me?"

The brothers braked their bikes as one and examined the ad. "OK, show us the guitar," commanded Steve. Trout hopped up on Steve's handlebars and the three headed for the dilapidated Fisher residence, arriving there just as their respective homeroom teachers were taking roll in another part of town.

"Shh, my mom's home," cautioned Trout as they crept though the garage's broken door. A soap opera's hysterical dialogue wafted from the house as he led the boys around the filthy clutter the Fishers squirreled away in the one car space. Excitedly, Trout beckoned Steve and Rick past a tall stack of yellowed newspapers. "The tires are in this corner..." he began, but ended with a banshee wail of loss, "Shit! It's gone!"

The brothers peered into the dark empty corner. Hell, there weren't any snow tires there. Although, they could see tread marks in the dirt of the floor and, faintly, a slender curved impression in the dust behind them that could have been left by a guitar's base.

"That old bastard!" Trout shouted, heedless of their need for secrecy. "He hocked stuff for drinking money again!"

When Trout, aka Karl Fisher, told Steve and Rick that he stole one of Hendrix's guitars, they refused to believe him. Trout was the biggest braggart and liar in their school. Although it was true that Hendrix had played at the Delaware County Fairgrounds that past weekend, blessing the air of Muncie, Indiana with virtuoso psychedelic vibrations, the truth didn't lend Trout's whopper any credibility in their eyes.

Undaunted, Trout claimed that he (being more a fan of spectacle than music) crawled under the Teen America bandstand intending to explode a few

A single glance of understanding passed between Rick and Steve. Mr. Fisher, intermittently employed yet always drinking, had pawned the corner's contents to pay his bar tab. A dim plan simultaneously formed in the brothers' minds. Its ultimate goal was to retrieve Jimi's axe from some yet unknown pawnshop, and its immediate goal to get the hell out of the garage before Mrs. Fisher busted them.

Turning away from the still keening Trout, they sprinted for the door only to run bodily into Mrs. Fisher. She was a tall big-boned woman, the mother of seven other hooligans besides Trout, and more than capable of physically restraining three teenagers while she called the school and Steve and Rick's parents.

So the frontier justice of the generation gap gunned down the boys plan before its first step was implemented. Tried in the kangaroo court of adult authority, the three teens were accused and convicted of hooky, plus blamed for the absence of the snow tires. All were suspended from school for a week. Trout's inebriated and culpable father beat the shit out of him. Steve and Rick's parents, far more middle class and enlightened than the Fishers, blamed the permissive times and their sons' association with that bad influence, Karl. They grounded the brothers for an entire year, banned them from listening to the music they loved, and forbade them from further association with Trout.

By the miserable year's end, the Fishers, unable to make their mortgage payments, moved to public housing in Fort Wayne fifty miles away. Not long after, Trout wrote a letter, its return address the Fort Wayne Juvenile Detention Center, to Steve. Unfortunately, Steve's angry father intercepted it. Taking it as evidence his son hadn't repented, he extended Steve's grounding by yet another year.

An ugly familial battle ensued, pitting sixteen against forty-five, with forty-five seemingly winning merely by banishing sixteen to his room. But, before the sun rose the next morning, Steve joined the great adolescent diaspora of the late 60's and caught a Greyhound bound for San Francisco. Poor Rick awoke to find himself an only child.

Luckily, Steve, who never went back to Indiana again, was more like his businessman father than either of them cared to admit. Instead of becoming a sad runaway statistic, he prospered in the CIA-induced chaos of the counter-culture's latter days, opening a small store in Haight Ashbury called Red Roach Records. By his thirties, Red Roach was the largest chain of music stores on the West Coast, and he a wealthy man.

In the meantime, after serving out his solitary Hoosier sentence, Rick left for college and, subsequently, rarely visited Muncie, even though he eventually had a prosperous psychiatric practice not far away in Chicago. Trout's fate and whereabouts remained a mystery and, as the years passed, the Legend of Jimi's guitar became a flower power tall tale told by Steve and Rick to their kids.

Then the death of their father brought the brothers back to Muncie, over twenty years after each had fled. Steve and Rick's hometown reunion swirled the late 60's and the late 80's together in a dizzy kaleidoscope. Their adult mourning and unresolved adolescent resentment mixed queasily, clashing like fluorescent chartreuse and shocking pink. Dependable time became quivering quicksand where a reminiscent step in the present sank the brothers helplessly in the past. Therefore, each trod carefully across the funeral days, keeping eyes front.

But, in spite of their caution, an abyss opened before them at their father's burial. When Steve and Rick looked up from the last prayer, Trout, a feckless specter resurrected from who knew where, was standing on the other side of the open grave. Of course he was invited back to the widow's home for coffee and cake after the internment, but neither Steve nor Rick spoke much with him, busy as they were with social obligations to their family and their father's friends.

It wasn't until later, after the last guest had left and the brothers' exhausted mother had gone to bed, that the three friends retired to the patio with a bottle of whiskey, to catch up on the twenty-odd years that had rushed irretrievably downstream. Naturally, Trout's twenty years were the oddest, but he wasn't terribly interested in listing his priors for Rick and Steve's benefit. Instead, he said, "Hey, turns out my old man took Jimi's guitar to Packer's Pawn on White River Road."

Steve rolled his eyes like it was yesterday once more, "So?"
 "So, when I came into town, I saw that the place is still there, all boarded up though. There still might be stuff in it."
 "Stuff like Hendrix's axe?" asked Rick, skeptically.
 "Sure. Why not break in and check it out?"
 "Because it's against the law," replied Steve.
 "And, because we haven't broken into an abandoned building since we were kids," added Rick.

Trout looked hard at the brothers. "Man, you two got old," he said, "You sound just like your dad."

Steve quickly stood up and Rick did likewise, pulling the keys to his Mercedes from his pocket.

"We're going for a ride. Get in the car," he ordered Trout. Steve grabbed Trout by the arm, Trout grabbed the whiskey bottle by the neck, and they were off, the old delicious tingle of forbidden adventure running down their spines.

Twenty minutes later, the men were prying the boards off the back entrance of Packer's, opening Pandora's past with the faint beam of a pocket flashlight and a tire iron. The petty crime was rejuvenating. All things suddenly seemed possible as they worked on the door, the way all things seemed possible to them as boys growing up in the heady decade of their youth. Why wouldn't Hendrix's Strat be waiting for them?

Steve was the first inside, followed close by Rick and Trout. He swept the dim flash over Packer's interior, revealing the dusty pawned detritus of desperate lives: old TVs, broken power tools, rusty guns, dingy furniture, and on the far wall, a guitar.

"Holy shit," devoutly whispered Trout.

"Amen," responded Steve and Rick.

The three made their way across the jumbled room, walking slowly through the gloom like they were walking back through time itself. At their destination, Trout reverently lifted the guitar down. Even before Steve shown the light on it, they could see that the ax was much the worse for wear, so worn and dirty that it was impossible to tell its origi-

nal color. The shape, however, was familiar. "I think it's a Strat," Trout said.

"How's it strung?" asked Rick.

"Huh?"

"If it's strung backwards, it's Jimi's guitar," Steve impatiently explained. He pointed the flashlight at the instrument, then cursed, "Goddamn!"

The strings were missing.

Steve's curse was immediately answered by the accusatory wail of a police siren, all too close by. In a thudding heartbeat, the partners in crime dashed out the back door, running fast through the Muncie night.

Trout, who'd been honing his fleeing skills since his teens, took off alone, but Steve and Rick, out of long brotherly habit, stuck together, circling the block back to Rick's car.

There they sat there, giddy with the recovered glory of their boyhood and catching their middle-aged breaths, when a police cruiser pulled up alongside the Benz.

"Excuse me. Have you gentlemen seen anyone suspicious around here?" respectfully asked the cop. "There's been a robbery in the neighborhood."

"No, officer. We haven't seen a thing," Rick lied politely, hoping Steve wouldn't give them away by giving in to the guffaws he was suppressing at the peril of his blood pressure.

"OK. Thanks. Good night."

Then the policeman drove off to continue his search for the miscreant adolescent he was sure had committed the robbery.

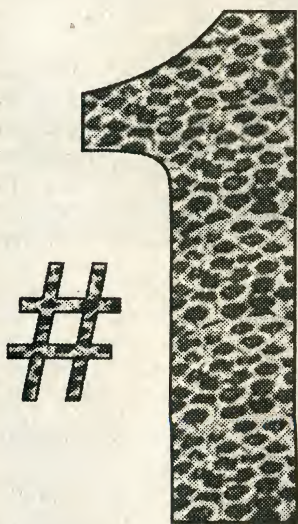
Steve and Rick left also, driving home slowly, looking for Trout along the way. After an hour, they gave up, taking the shortcut back through downtown. As they drove past the Greyhound station, Steve nudged Rick.

"Look," he said, and pointed at the fleeting figure of a man holding a guitar slipping swiftly, like a weasel, onto a bus bound for San Francisco.



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TRUSTKILL



The band **Eighteen Visions** has been around since '95, sporting various musicians and working with various labels (Life

Sentence, Cedargate and currently Trustkill Records). From what I've heard, one of Salt Lake's own, and also a Heavy Metal Shop alumni, Mick Richard Morris recently joined the band as bassist. These guys mix the harsh elements of hardcore with the grinding, heavy groove sensibilities of death metal on their latest **UNTIL THE INK RUNS OUT**. An awesome recording job highlights individual

performances and also reveals the complexities of **Eighteen Visions'** sound. Parts of this release remind me of **CORPUS CHRISTI** era Angkor Wat. Very cool.

SOLID STATE : Born again Christian band **Living Sacrifice** has released their fifth album, **THE HAMMERING PROCESS**. Don't be scared off by the religious aspects of this



band, other than the obligatory "thanks to God" thank you list, the band does not emphasize their beliefs through their music. If anything, the lyrics only hint of a sublime credence. This Little Rock, Arkansas band plays tight metal-core, incorporating more metal influence into their sound than they have on previous albums. **Living Sacrifice** will be touring with **Project 86** and **Stavesacre** during May and June.

METAL BLADE : The band **Memory Garden** formed in 1992, an obvious product of the over-flowing Swedish talent pool. The mini CD, **FOREVER** and the band's first full-length **TIDES** were released in the mid '90's on Heathendom Productions. In '98, **Metal Blade** whisked the band up and released **VERDICT OF POSTERITY**. Recently, **Memory Garden** released **MIRAGE**, which stands as proof that power metal still works. **MIRAGE** kicks into gear with track 2 "A Long Grey Day" (after a painfully unnecessary intro track). Track 2 is filled with guitar-heavy hooks and introduces **Stefan Berglund's** powerful and harmonious vocal style. The rest of the album is a mix of solid power metal, at times reminding me of early **Mystic Force**.

Allen West has the side band **Six Feet Under**, linking him to the horrible song writing and guitar play coming from the band **Obituary**. His partner in crime **Trevor Peres** (rhythm guitarist for **Obituary**) now has a side band of his own (**Catastrophic**), which will have

him sharing in the **Obituary** guitar playing guilt. Fortunately, the other members of **Catastrophic** bail **THE CLEANSING** out enough so that the album is at least listen-able. When will these **Obituary** guitarists learn?

OLYMPIC : **DEAD AND BURIED** is the latest from Wisconsin's, **Jungle Rot**. While this band doesn't aspire to being the most technical or extreme band around, they definitely have a good sound. Unable to rely on marveling the listener with their technical play, this band has infused and fortified a serious low end sound, driving their heavy, old school style.

CENTURY MEDIA : Finland's **Nightwish** originally formed as an all acoustic project. By '97 the band filled out with electric guitars and drums for the recording of their debut, **ANGELS FALL FIRST**. One of the main components of this band is the female voice of professionally trained opera singer **Tarja Turunen**. Although the vocals are a focal point, they don't completely over-take the music. Musically, this band consists of very capable power metal musicians. The vocals were a bit disconcerting at first, but I grew to tolerate them for the sake of the music.

It's not often that I report on metal coming out of Wyoming, but out of the roughly 500,000 citizens of the state, emerged guitarist **Toby Knapp**. During the '90's, **Toby** recorded as a solo guitarist for **Shrapnel Records**. Most recently, **Mr. Knapp** formed the band **Onward**, and released the album **EVERMOVING**. Musically, this band has a European, power metal edge to their sound. While the guitar playing is pretty damn good, vocally, this album is weak. The vocals flatten in spots, and become a distraction.

SOUTHERN LORD : Guitars tuned so low they have the pasty consistency of mud. The vocals are gruff and are groaned, intermingled in the mix within the plodding of the drums and guitar tracks. Hmmm.... that is the essence of the three piece **Warhorse**. This band features ex-members of the bands **Desolate**, **Rancid Christ** and **Infestation**, coming together to create super heavy, low end, **Sabbath** styled doom. Really, for the sound this band is going for, **AS HEAVEN TURNS TO ASH** is surprisingly clean and concise.

NECROPOLIS : **Dark Funeral**, one of the early purveyors of modern black metal, re-released their debut mini-CD. They re-released what was originally a self-titled CD (now titled **IN THE SIGN...**), and they also changed the artwork. Confuse the hell out of the fans - it's a beautiful marketing tool. Oh well, anything to increase record sales. All is not lost if

someone mistakes this as new. There are two bonus **Bathory** cover tunes included this time around.

Dissection has released a collection of early demo tracks titled **THE PAST IS ALIVE**. Buy this only if you are a huge fan of **Dissection**, and can't live without hearing this band at their rawest. To say some of these tracks were recorded in a "studio" would be a stretch. This is very cool for what it is. Don't think of this release as something your going to play again and again, but a disc that will round out your **Dissection** collection

CANDLELIGHT : For a while now I've come to the conclusion that



extreme music has once again become a ridiculous battle between bands to see who's the

most extreme. I remember feeling this way in the early '90's, but by the late '90's band's like **Damaged** and **Cryptopsy** (for example) stepped in to show that extreme metal can have real substance. Now that we are once again being bombarded by a barrage of badly placed blast beats (five times fast.... I dare you), one of the curators of the early extreme, **Extreme Noise Terror** are back to salvage their art. **E.N.T.'s** latest, **BEING AND NOTHING** rips through ten tracks in an unwhopping thirty minutes of intense, bone dissolving madness. This band accentuates their extreme form with heavy crunch and groove.

Another band featuring members that have an extreme metal pedigree is **Zyklon**. This band was, formed by



Emperor guitarist **Zamoth** and Emperor drummer **Trym**, but the no lyric, promo liner that I have stresses that

Zyklon is not a side band, nor is it a resurfacing of **Zamoth's** band **Zyklon-B**. This band does take on many of the good elements that you're familiar with from the band **Emperor** - layered, guitar orchestrated passages that have a brutally heavy presence with a tinge of black metal for effect. **Daemon (Limbonic Art)** handles vocal duties for **Zyklon's**, **WORLD OV WORMS** and **Bard Faust Eithun** is responsible for it's lyrical content. **WORLD OV WORMS** is scheduled for a March 13th release date in the U.S..



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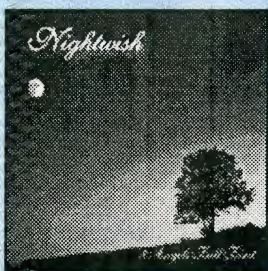
And Oceans – *Allotropic/Metamorphic Genesis Of Dimorphism* Century Media

Finland's most innovative black metal entity unleash their domestic debut, featuring some of the genre's finest ingredients such as artwork from **Dark Tranquillity's** guitarist **Niklas Sundin** and a masterful production mix compliments of Abyss Studios that is sure to please fans of **Dimmu Borgir**, **Old Man's Child** and **Emperor**.



Darkane - *Insanity* Century Media

Sweden's devastatingly unique **Darkane** return with a monstrous new album rich with vigorous melodies mixed with a violent undertow of powerhouse drumming, bold arrangements and caustic guitars, all captured by a sterling production job courtesy of **Daniel Bergstrand** (Meshuggah, Strapping Young Lad, Stuck Mojo).



Nightwish – *Angels Fall First* Century Media

The sensational debut of Finland's most heralded metal band has landed upon America's shores for the first time, unearthing the roots of keyboardist **Tuomas Holopainen's** mystical sound and the celestial vocals of professionally trained opera singer **Tarja Turunen**. Also available from **Nightwish**: *Wishmaster* and *Oceanborn*.



Stratovarius – *Infinite Visions* Nuclear Blast

This is the definitive **Stratovarius** video collection covering 2 hours worth of exciting live performances, every official promotional video ever shot, up close and personal backstage footage, never-before-seen "behind-the-scenes" documentation of recording sessions and much more! Follow the band as they chronicle their illustrious and highly successful 10-year history of ground-breaking metal achievements.



Dimmu Borgir – *Puritanical Euphoric Misanthropy* Nuclear Blast

Arguably one of the greatest black metal bands on the planet, **Dimmu Borgir** have returned with their highly anticipated and most superior album ever! *Puritanical Euphoric Misanthropy* is a phenomenal opus of pure blackness containing an extreme and diverse mixture of styles and musical soundscapes.



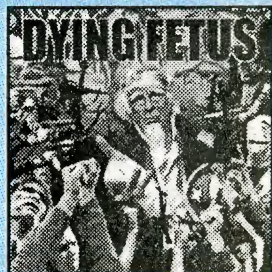
Narnia – *Desert Land* Nuclear Blast

Desert Land is a triumphant return for **Narnia** as it features their most mature and diverse song-writing to date. This album finds the band progressing into a heavier direction reminiscent of Dio-era Black Sabbath while staying true to their original metal roots.



**Skinless - *Foreshadowing Our Demise*
Relapse**

On tour with **Dying Fetus** and **Gorguts** in March/April! In stores March 20th!!! **Skinless** administer gut-twisting deathgrind that deluges the listener with colossal riffs, chaotic percussion and an unearthly vocal attack. Explosive, punishing and nihilistic.



**Dying Fetus - *Destroy The Oppostion*
Relapse**

On tour with **Skinless** and **Gorguts** in March/April! Combining an innovative mix of technical virtuosity and catchy song structures to create the ultimate blend of death metal, hardcore, and grind, **DYING FETUS** lead the charge of extreme music's new generation.



**Regurgitate - *Carnivorous Erection*
Relapse**

Smell the stench of burning death as legendary splattergrind masters Regurgitate decompose their most extreme recording to date with *Carnivorous Erection*.



**WARHORSE- *As Heaven Turns to Ash*
Southern Lord**

"Crushing, Apocalyptic DOOM METAL. The Heaviest most punishing debut of the millennium. On tour in March with **Electric Wizard**. **Southern Lord's** heaviest release yet!"



**Gorguts - "*From Wisdom To Hate*"
Olympic**

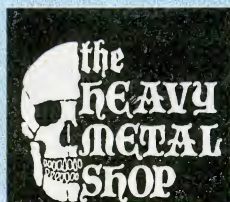
Another twisted technical attack from these Canadian legends



**Kreator - *Past Life Trauma*
Noise**

A must for any Kreator fan. This greatest hits album was picked by their fans and features digitally remastered versions including two extremely rare and two previously unreleased tracks as well as a 20 page booklet with tons of previously unseen photos.

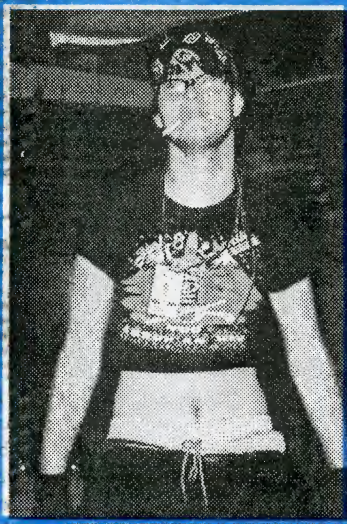
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Mike Brown's Self Help Column

Problems. They remain like homeless people or genital warts. You don't want to admit that they are around you, but it will always remain obvious that they are there. On the other hand, everyone has problems, not everyone is lucky enough to have STDs or homeless people in their neighborhoods.

Problems can be small, like "What shall I eat for breakfast?" Or large, like "Where the fuck do I bury this one?" They can be personal, like "How on earth did I get genital arthritis?" Or somewhat public, like "Sorry I fucked your wife behind the cakewalk at the church party, Elder." And if you consistently read SLUG you probably have more problems than the average person around this town.

If you are a teen and you masturbate until your arms are sore you can take your problem to Dr. Drew on LoveLine. If you are a housewife contemplating divorce due to spousal abuse you can call Dr. Laura, and listen to her tell you to stay together for the kids. Smart. There seems to be a forum for every

sort of problem. From Dear Abby to Dear Penthouse. But gosh-dangit? What about us loyal SLUG readers? Where can WE take our problems? That's where I come in!

I'm willing to take on all of the problems that SLUG readers have. And although I'm just as average as steak and potatoes and not a doctor, I do have something that a lot of people with PhD's don't have. Common Sense (Why is it even called common sense when it is so uncommon for someone to have it?) And anyone who has ever been in therapy knows that petty doctorate degrees just cloud judgment.

Besides common sense some of my other qualifications include my ability to keep secrets. My friends confide in me all the time. Like the time my friend Joe Guile told me he fucked his stepsister on his dad's dresser during the super bowl. Man, I didn't tell any one.

I am also qualified to help due to the fact that I myself have lots of problems, which I am constantly solving. For instance, a couple weeks ago me and this girl went out to go see this movie, "Dude, Where's my car?" And about three fourths of the way through the movie the girl I was with got sick and wanted to leave. I know what you may be thinking, me making my date sick as being a problem, but that wasn't the problem this night. I always make my dates sick. The problem was that I never got to find out where these "dudes" left their car.

I sat through one of the worst movies imaginable and I didn't even get to see the end. To me it was like having really bad sex with a really ugly person and on top of that, not getting to finish. If you take your time to aim your cannon, you might as well fire the goddamn thing, right?

After I dropped my date

off at the hospital and wished her well (so many of my dates end with me saying "I hope the doctor says it's not serious.") I drove home in a frustrated manner wondering where and what the dudes had done with their car.

This was a problem. Right away I started thinking of possible solutions. It was too late to sneak into another screening of the film. And none of my friends had seen the flick so I couldn't ask them. So I went home. I got into my jammies and ready for night night when I reached under my bed and found the solution to my problem, a pint of Jack Daniels!

My friend Jack seems to be able to solve most of my problems. And he is probably able to solve most of yours. But for the ones that he can't solve, I can.

Now, in order to demonstrate the format that I'd like this new article to take place, allow me to write a letter to myself. Once again the problem is real, here's how it will look.

Dear Mike Brown,

My problem that I'm seeking your advice on has to do with this band I'm in called The Fucktards. Being in the band is going great; we never fight like most bands. And with the exception of our guitarist's untimely urges to masturbate in the middle of practice, we are doing awesome! My problem is that I can't bring myself to share my newly found glory with my family, mainly my mother. See, she works in the gigantic penis structure down town known as the church office building and she is president of her church's relief society. I however have fallen astray from the church. Me and my mom get along just fine with the exception of my constant lying and denial about being in The Fucktards. I feel the need to lie because our two most popular

songs are named "Christ Punchers" and "I Stuck My Dick in a Fan". I can't seem to bring myself to tell her the truth as it would surely break her heart and get me kicked out of the will. But I hate lying to someone I love. What should I do?

Sincerely,

Captain Retardo of The Fucktards.

Well Captain, you are in quite a pickle here. Your mom knowing about your secret rock star life style would probably go over about as well as ham at a Hebrew picnic. Allow me to tell a little story about my eating habits. I eat fast food all the time. Not only for the high calorie rush, but also for the convenience of the modern day drive thru. I have many-a-friend who have over the years worked in this industry of convenience. And I have heard many-a-story about what they did to the food before it reached the customers stomach. I'm sure you've heard similar things, like they spit on your burger and jizz in your burrito. Every time one of my friends gets started on one of these stories I tell them to shut the fuck up. Why? Because I don't want to know. There's a good chance that I've eaten more jizz than all of the Utah Jazz dancers combined.

The point is that what I don't know can't hurt me and what your mom doesn't know can't hurt her. Also, if your band goes big time and makes some money, you won't have to worry about being in the will. Nor will you have to worry about your family accepting you as you will surely have mindless groupies and empty gin bottles to replace the love once given to you in the family structure!

There you have it. Send your problems, no matter how fucked up to slug Attn: Mike Brown/Self Help. You will not be let down.

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Luna

Live

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It's about time. This album should have been released years ago. Finally, you can hear Luna at their best, in a live setting. Stripped of the over-produced studio bullshit, the songs from their last three releases shine in a new light. This release is a great introduction for the first time listener, and a must have for the die-hard fan alike. If you're the frugal type, buy this album with the assurance that you're getting a great deal, and then go treat yourself to some thrift store shopping, or something,

-Derecimo

The Dimestore Halos
Long Ride To Nowhere
Pelado Records

I wish bands would stop making cool cover art just to fool me into listening to them. I have spent many a dollar on shit that ends up as coasters on my coffee table. It's a bad trend plaguing the music industry these days. But hey, if you like shallow lyrics with a sloppy Rancid meets the U.S. Bombs anthem rip-off, don't hesitate run out and purchase this album now.

-Ricky Stink

The Incredible Moses Leroy
Electric Pocket Radio
Artemis Records

Who is The Incredible Moses Leroy? Well, if anything, he's like The Egyptian Lover (check your history books) 'cause he can do it all baby just like that. Good 'ol Moses used just about every musical genre to create this album. From pop to punk to shoegaze, it's all here. Now while most "musicians" who try to pull off this sort of thing usually fall short, Moses excels by keepin' it real with obscure samples & sounds and gritty 4-track style. It's also worth mentioning that my man has an excellent voice. The album is supposed to be coming out this spring, so check it.

-Mike

Zero Down
With A Lifetime To Pay
Fat Wreck Chords

Attention fans of punk band Pulley: rush right out and get this disc. Zero Down is made up of members of the following bands, Strung Out, Down By Law, and of course Pulley. This band plays punk rock that is both fast and melodic, while pulling a heavy punch to knock your senses out. While having a very similar sound to the bands that the members played in previously, there is something catchy and engaging to their disc. Some of the songs are absolutely some of the best punk

songs of the new millennium. I also find there to be traces of Propagandi in some of their socio-political compositions. But again, Zero Down brings an interesting and kick-ass element to this record that gets two enthusiastic thumbs up and my vote for best new punk band of the year. Hopefully, this trio will be touring here soon, so that I can revel in rapture at the band's tracks played live. Get this disc, the best of the month.

-Kevlar7

Gear Blues

Thee Michelle Gun Elephant
Alive/ Total Energy Records

This album is in my top two of 2001, so far. Totally dark, hypnotic garage madness. The lyrics are written in a broken mix of Japanese/English, the bass lines heavy, the guitars trashy, and the vocals snarling yet smooth. I don't often sit and sing praises about bands (their heads get too big) but if these guys came to town I'd sell my Winnebago and kill my dog to go see them. Kick ass record.

-Jeremy Cardenas

Son Of Sam
Songs From The Earth
Nitro Records

Holy shit! My faith has been restored! Needless to say in a time of emo and happy rock, I was losing my religion fast. Then a miracle happened that only the big man Himself could hand down, Son Of Sam. So embrace your rosaries, this lineup is sure to send the most god-fearing man running to the altar. Heading the lineup is AFI vocalist Davey Havok, followed up by Danzig guitarist Todd Youth, and none other than London May and Steve Zing of Samhain fame. If that doesn't do it for you, the man himself Glenn Danzig makes a guest appearance to close out what has to be one of the best records of the year

-Ricky Stink

Leatherface
The Last
BYO Records

This band is the prime definition of bands who write music that captures the essence of the two sides of indie music. Leatherface's music is atmospheric at times and noisily melodic at others. The juxtaposition in their compositions is the lead vocals of the band's singer, gruff and harsh. Like someone who has smoked too many cigars, drank too many gin and tonics, and should be playing a piano with Tom Waits in some smoky lounge. But Leatherface, hailing from Australia, is a rockin' band and sometimes they kick out the jams at high speed.

Still, there is something lush and serene in their composition that keeps the listener in stunned awe. Fans of Hot Water Music will want to pay attention to this band; they tour regularly and are huge fans of Leatherface. In fact, they both have a similar approach to music, compositions that bring to mind beauty and beast. Those who are interested in this band should be able to find their discs in any of the better record store around town. Get it. They will be playing SLC in April.

-Kevlar7

Mick Farren & The Deviants
This CD is Condemned
Alive/Total Energy Records

When I listened to this album I had just gotten ripped with my guitar player. He walked out, and I put this on. This album was downright fucking scary. I liked it. This is a compilation of tracks ranging from the Deviants 1968 to 1996. If you get this album see if you can pick out the Wayne Kramer guitar work. Mick Farren's vocals rock out. A fine body of work from a band that most of you will never hear of.

-Jeremy Cardenas

Various

Open Your Mouth: Salt Lake Free Speech
rudead.net

Rudead.net, a local worker's collective devoted to independent artistic expression, just came out with the Open Your Mouth: Salt Lake Free Speech Compilation. It's a mix of spoken word and music, and from the opening track by Mr. E, in which he states, "free speech is not a right or a privilege, it's an obligation," the disc takes the First Amendment seriously. Renowned poet Alex Caldiero and his daughter Sara, SLUG wordslinger and poet in his own write Bryan Mehr, and others speak their minds. Music on the disc comes from emo faves Charting the Heavens, an acoustic track from label founder Duane, Food Not Bomb's new group



Infrared Roses, punkers Fistfull, 13 and NUSPEAK, experimental noise by Iceburn, techno soundscapes by Misery Inc., and hippie grooves from Up Yer Sleeve. Duane's been active for many years in both the local punk scene and political and social activism in Food Not Bombs, the local Worker's Party and other groups. The website has informative links to similar groups, and great history with pictures from the early SL underground scene with Duane's old band HateX9, NSC and other bands. Upcoming releases on the label by Infrared Roses and 13 are also planned.

-Brian Staker

This Year's Model
Wanted New Best Friend
Law of Inertia:

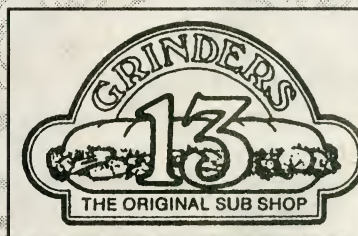
Talk about rotten apples filled with nasty ass maggots! This Year's Model tried to present themselves for us as some punk genre that missed the train to band practice with Sid Vicious; then took a bite out of Metallica's ass and called them ****. If you enjoy putting CD's in your microwave you'll be able to purchase This Year's Model on March 6. I suggest waiting for your favorite store to put throw it in the 99 cents bin.

-Echo

Cocaine Blues
Wayne Kramer & The Pink Fairies
Alive/Total Energy Records
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back this CD?! The liner notes alone tell me that this album is going to kick my ass! If you see this CD floating around in your roommate's stolen CD collection, tell the fucker to give it back.

—Jeremy Cardenas

Big John Bates

S/T

Devil Sauce Recordings

Oh shit!! Greasy psychobilly for the soul, and it feels so sinful that it kicks-ass. Most bands from Canada suck, but Big John Bates tears down the paved road to hell at 108 mph, clearly scorching the chill of Canada. Fans of the Rev. Horton Heat, will want to hunt this one down, it's guaranteed to achieve maximum pleasure. Songs like, "Voodoo Bar-B-Q", "Big Boom Bop", "Tombstone Twist", "Kitten with a Whip", the remake of Dead Kennedys' "Too Drunk to Fish" and the old Spiderman cartoon theme song, are prime examples of the power and the fiendish delights one can expect upon listen to this fiery new disc. I think this release will be getting many rotations in my player on those nights I feel it necessary to cuddle up to big bottle of whiskey. Anyone who reads my columns and reviews knows, I have a knack and talent for picking out only the best and the finest in this "fun as pigs in shit" music genre, and that's why I'm raving about this killer new disc. It should reside next to any of the artist that promotes the greaser lifestyle. If interested, log on at www.bigjohnbates.com and demand a copy. Let 'em know Kevlar7 sent ya.

—Kevlar7

All Natural Lemon & Lime Flavors Straight Blue Line Koombia Music

Do you like The Cocteau Twins? Or Slowdive? How about My Bloody Valentine? If you like that kind of music (I'll avoid the "shoegaze" title), then you probably already know about A.N.L.A.L.F.I, unfortunately, hadn't heard of the band until last month, which is a shame because they've been around since

1995. I am sorry, punish me now. There are ten songs on the CD, and you could listen to them endlessly (if that's what you're into). Yes, it's that good. Ok, thank you.

—Mike

Cursive Domestica Saddle Creek

A departure from the Saddle Creek label's usual acoustic, traditional-instrumented fare, Cursive at least compares to groups like Bright Eyes, who also hail from Omaha, Nebraska, in terms of sheer emotiveness. Hard to peg for description, some emo and glam elements create a unique and intriguing sound. Domestic dramas like "The Casualty" and "The Game of Who Needs Who the Worst" essay tableaux that are ultimately nothing less than cathartic. "Swimming at night/We've dug this hole/The water's fine/I wonder how far down it goes," sings Tim Kasher, and you get the feeling it goes all the way to China. They make a stop at Kilby Court March 17.

—Brian Staker

The Bellrays

Grand Fury

Uppercut/Vital Gesture Records

This album will burn your ass so much that you'll be sticking your ass in a bucket of aloe vera lotion after you listen to it. This one has a much improved sound compared to the last album (*Let It Blast*) and some of the most well written stuff I've ever heard from the Bellrays. Future Now! Pick this one up, and smack yourself for missing the show at the Zephyr on Valentine's Day.

—Jeremy Cardenas

The Pinkerton Thugs

End of an Era

Go-Kart Records

The Pinkerton Thugs have been a street-punk staple for years now. The band is part of the famed Boston scene that brought us The Dropkick Murphys. Their raw style makes you proud to be a punk and their newest album *End of an Era* continues the tradition with power pumped anthems like the title song "End of an Era" and reminiscent ballads such as "Youth." Any true fan of street punk can appreciate this album and swell with pride while listening to it. There's no sugarcoated crap with these guys, just raw music.

—Shane Farver

The Bastard Sons Of Johnny Cash Walk Alone

Ultimatum Music

Honky-tonk usually leaves a bad taste in the mouths of most people.

When asked what they think of country, most people cringe and vomit. Understandable, when looking at what seems to be the current state of this music genre. Modern country is pop and is as nauseating as the boy bands running rampant in today's pop culture. But, when I talk about country, I mean old honky-tonk country that dealt with the subjects of hurting/vengeful love, gambling, and fighting. As Johnny Cash attests to on his new box set, *Love, God, and Murder*. Now as the Bastard Sons Of Johnny Cash seem to proclaim, honky-tonk is here to set the record straight about what real country is about. Linked to rockabilly, TBSOJC play with musical gusto that has all the right elements to it. I highly recommend this disc to those people who like greaser, rockabilly, and honky-tonk music that they can drink to. TBSOJC are kick starting a new flavor of roots music that isn't contemporary country, nor alt-country, but good ol' boot stomping dark tales of Texas, truck stops, lonesome skies, and Memphis women. Bet this will reside in the disc players of those who hunt it down for many months to come.

—Kevlar7

The Vigilantes

No Destiny

TKO Records

Dynamic Rock Journalism for Dummies-Lesson One, The CD. Review. First, start by showing off your credibility and elitist knowledge with a comparison of the band with other bands (the more obscure the better, because you're so smart and clever). Say something like, "so and so meets with so and so", or "this crappy band mixed with this other crappy band." Then mention how you were the first to hear them way back when, or how corporate they sound now and that the whole thing smacks with effort. Then go into a long rant about how society has created such a niche for "punk" bands on the radio and how this doesn't allow for "real" punk bands like The Vigilantes to get played. Keep these things in mind and just remember how good your name looks in print. Lesson Two- how to get girls using just your penname.

—White Trash Steve

Preacher Boy

The Devil's Buttermilk

Wah tup

Who could even attempt to open for the Bellrays', who rock like it's going out of style, in their show February 14 at the Zephyr Club? Christopher Watkins, aka Preacher Boy, rocks the blues so naturally

that he is the last in a long line of interpreters. At the same time there's a Beatles influence at work here, and you can hear the voice of Tom Waits in his scruffy melodies. As the "warm up" band at the Zephyr club show, he got the crowd going with the blues the Zephyr crowd eats up.

—Brian Staker

The Explosion

Steal This

Revelation Records

E-X-P-L-O-S-I-O-N Let's go! Five songs, all short, all hard hitting punk rock guaranteed to thrash your eardrums and speakers when played at high volume. Anyone who likes their guitars abrasive, their vocals distinct, and their drums bursting at the seams must buy this CD, and keep it in heavy rotation wherever they go. Besides they're only eardrums and speakers, when you're old you can proudly say you went deaf because of an Explosion.

—White Trash Steve

Jeff Buckley

Live in Chicago Video

Columbia

A visual documentation of a night from the tour that made up Mystery White Boy, the posthumous live release by the son of Tim Buckley, who poeticized rock music at a time when poetry seemed no longer possible, the height of the grunge era, and eventually went for a swim in the bayou delta never to return. The Chicago set from May 13, 1995, features his well-known covers of Nina Simone's "Lilac Wine," Leonard Cohen's "Hallelujah," and Alex Chilton's "Kangaroo," as well as a surprising, incendiary "Kick Out the Jams." The show illuminates the genius of his live performances from a different perspective than the CD, rocking hard at moments and other times reaching heights of incredible delicacy. As with most religious experiences, at the end the mystery remains.

—Brian Staker

Amy Correia

Carnival Love

Capitol Records

Perhaps I'm biased. I don't usually pick up folk music, but after seeing the performance of Amy Correia and having the pleasure of meeting Amy (at the Warner Bros. party during the Sundance festival) I got a real feel for her music and I became intrigued. "Fallen out of Love" defiantly caught my attention. If you enjoy music you can take with you on a road trip or if you happen to find a beach near by, (not speaking of that thing that stinks of dead

bodies) then you'll definitely enjoy taking Amy Correia with you. Pick this CD up at Salt City. It's the only place in town that I could actually find it.

-Echo

Wesley Willis

Rush Hour, Wesley Willis Fiasco Live e.p.

Alternative Tentacles /Cornerstone RAS

Rush Hour was Wesley Willis' most recent studio album, with his trademark Casio keyboards and imitable lyrics ranging from "I Kicked Batman's Ass" to somewhat of a testimonial, "Jesus Christ." "I am learning to live each day one at a time; I am trusting in the Lord to make it ever sublime," and life as a rock star has in a way been sublime for this street person from Chicago suffering bouts of schizophrenia, hearing voices that send him on a "sonic hellride." His own muse can take him on a "happy joyride," though. The live e.p. with the WWF, his punk combo, includes favorites like "Blood, Guts and Firetrucks," "The Bar is Closed" which mutates into a hilarious cover of Rush's "Tom Sawyer," and a great interview in which Wesley explains how he can "whip a horse's behind." And of course his trademark advertising slogans in between songs like "Folgers: Good to the Last Drop" and "rock over London, rock on Chicago." He rocked our town last year at Kilby Court with the full show, headbutts included. The live set rocks more than anything I've heard for a long time. "Fuck With Me and Find Out," as one song on Rush Hour is titled, is something you wouldn't want to do, although as his disclaimer goes after "I'm Going To Kill You," "it's just a rock-'n'-roll song."

-Brian Staker

Gwen Mars

Driving A Million

See Thru Broadcasting

Attention Gwen Mars fans. There is a new album now available. If you like Gwen Mars, then you're stoked. If not, then oh well. The first time I saw these guys was about five years ago at a Tower Records store in Las Vegas in front of an audience of about five people. I was instantly hooked. Gwen Mars is from L.A., and you can tell because there is a certain arrogance and glam attitude about them (which you might or might not like). I didn't get to see them live, when they played here a few months ago so I will now apologize. How would one describe the Gwen Mars sound? It's kind of like David Bowie, The London Suede,

and The Verve getting together after smoking some pc. Or maybe not. Just listen to them for yourself and make up your own description.

-Mike

The Minders

Golden Street

spinART

This Portland group's brand of jangly, British-sounding pop is something you don't encounter every day. Their latest release is more contemplative than earlier ones, with piano, violin, trumpet and even the sound of "brushing teeth" as an accompaniment on one track. "You're riding high on a piece of cloud/and never think of coming down." "Right as Rain," though, show that up in the swirly cotton candy clouds of pop music you can still tap your feet. Locals Office Party open for the show at Kilby Court March 11.

-Brian Staker

Niblick Henbane

Go Away

TKO Records

This quartet was formed in 1987 and pioneered Oi in America along with Iron Cross, The Bruisers and the Anti-Heroes. They are often given credit for starting the New Jersey Oi scene. Niblick Henbane's new album *Go Away* is filled to the brim with beer swilling working class goodness. They even go so far as to pay their dues to Ren and Stimpy with the song Happy, Happy, Oi!, Oi!. There's nothing wrong with that. Be advised that you should purchase some suspenders and shave your head along with purchasing this album because once you go Oi!, you never go back.

-Shane Farver

Guided By Voices

Isolation Drills

TVT Records

The new set from Dayton, Ohio ex-schoolteacher Robert Pollard and Co. is less epic than *Do the Collapse*, their major label debut, but flows together better, thanks in large part to production by Rob Schnapf, who has also twiddled the knobs for the Foo Fighters. As always with GBV though, it's about the songs: what can you say about an album that contains such pop masterpieces as "Glad Girls" and "The Brides Have Hit Glass?" Where DiC felt too heavy, this feels a little slight, although when you're talking about this band, the bar is raised so high it's like the musical Olympics. In their case a producer is superfluous, as on a number from several albums Pollard claims "I Am Produced." GBV has always created unique lo-fi sounds as well as songs, and

Pollard's head is so brimming with ideas that a studio hand will probably always seem like interference. Hopefully the tour will bring their alcohol-fueled rock extravaganza our way. Street date April 3.

-Brian Staker

Saint Etienne

Interlude

SubPop

A divine companion piece to last year's brilliant *Sound of Water* album, Saint Etienne's *Interlude* is more than your average EP, it is a showcase of great b-sides, brand new cuts and a few mixes. Combining all of the b-sides off their respective *Sound of Water* singles, including the hypnotic "Red Setter," the catchy "Northwestern," and one of their best songs ever, live concert favorite "Shoot Out The Lights." This great track came from their latest British single, "Boy Is Crying," and a Hybrid re-working of that is included here, but the real treasure between the mixes is the long-sought Trouser Enthusiast mix of "Lose That Girl." Finally having this unreleased remix from "Good Humor" has been worth the wait. "Lose That Girl" is not the only rare thing on this collection. Also included are three other never before released tunes, "Mountain Rain," the beautiful "Le Ballade De Saint Etienne" (with glorious Sarah Cracknell singing in French!), and best of all, the dreamy "Queen of Polythene." Rounding out the collection, is Sarah, Bob & Pete's tribute/cover of the Beach Boys' "Stevie." Indie label SubPop should be commended not only for releasing this, their second unique U.S. Saint Etienne compilation, but also for giving this great British band the freedom and creativity to explore and experiment with their ever-evolving sound. The CD version of *Interlude* also includes not one, but two versions of the beautifully stark video for "How We Used To Live." In fact, this phenomenal tune and truly the whole amazing *Interlude* EP will leave you longing for more Saint Etienne.

-Son of Damian

Adolf and the Piss Artists

Zero Hour

GMM Records

These guys are definitely four pissed-off punks. But then again, they do live in the South where the rednecks are abundant so who can blame them? Adolf and the Piss Artists sing and play with the urgency of a fire alarm in true old school style. They are part of the fire and the fury that refuses to let the passion of the 80's punk scene



die. *Zero Hour* is a must have for those of us who believe that there is to be a message behind the music.

-Shane Farver

Gorky's Zygotic Mynxi

The Blue Trees

Beggar's Banquet

This album features material from GZM's two tours last year, and the progression they've made since the beginning of their career. From their pop beginnings, their current material is much more thoughtful and contemplative. The songs on this album are like the soundtrack to a movie in which not a lot of heavily dramatic action occurs, but simply revels in the quietude of everyday life, and is deeper and more profound for it.

-Brian Staker

Southport

Nothing Is Easy

Go-Kart Records

Southport is a relatively new band but their roots go way back to the London band Snuff. As Snuff closed the book on their musical career, guitarist Simon Wells started anew with Southport. The band combines the legacy of Snuff with some new school melodic flavor. If you want to see where punk has been and where it's going pick up *Nothing is Easy*.

-Shane Farver

GOTOHELLS

Rock N Roll America

Vagrant Records

Just like that sweet moonshine from down south, the GOTOHELLS latest release will leave your head pounding after the first few shots, and have you drinking straight from the bottle in no time. This perfectly aged Florida quartet blends a Bachman Turner Overdrive sound mixed with a tamed down Nashville Pussy flavor to make a hard hitting sweet tasting drink you won't be able to put down all night. But unlike the moonshine, you live to see the next day.

-R. Stink



This is not my first interview with a member of Magstatic and with any luck it won't be my last. While everyone from major label executives to ex-members of the Dead Kennedys are trying to water down independent rock into something lacking any integrity whatsoever, a band like Magstatic reaffirms my faith in this music. Magstatic are pop, they are emo, they are rock 'n' roll, they are punk... but most importantly they are genuine, passionate and make the music they want not because of trends but in spite of them. Frontman Terrence D.H. has been melding pop infection, emotional expression and punk integrity ever since his days in Salt Lake City's seminal punk gods The Stench... long before that music was accepted by the mainstream and he continues to get better and better...

SLUG: The first question seems obvious. The latest CD, *Wrist Rockets & Roller Coasters* is more stripped down and cranked up than anything Magstatic has done previously, especially the first few songs. Are you rediscovering your "angry young punk" angst?

D.H.: No I'm not pissed, I have been listening to a lot of my older punk records and I really wanted to do something a little different. I wanted this record to be louder and faster than the previous things we have done.

SLUG: Songs like "Wrist Rocket" and "Promise" are inevitably going to raise comparisons to your first band The Stench. Does that annoy you? Would you rather leave the past behind?

D.H.: I'm totally proud of The Stench. To me these are songs that The Stench would be playing now. I have been playing with the idea of getting The Stench back together.

SLUG: Really? Are you thinking of being a fully functional band or just maybe doing a "reunion" gig or two?

D.H.: Well Joe is moving to Seattle pretty soon to become famous so Pat Stench may be doing some drumming duties, so there is The Stench (Laughs). We'll have to see what happens. Geoff Stench lives in Park City soooooo...

SLUG: Then there are the last two songs on the CD, "Girl" seems to be a quirky nod to early 80's New Wave and "Comeback" might be some Kraftwerk worship... am I up in the night?

D.H.: They are certainly fun little ditties. Both "Girl" and "Comeback" were just funny ditties we wanted to include. Nothing more than that. I think they are both pretty funny.

SLUG: Your lyrics have always been, even in The Stench days, emotionally searing and personally expressive. In my mind they are as much your trademark as your voice. Do you ever feel, I don't know, vulnerable because your lyrics explore so deeply how you think and feel?

D.H.: I don't mean them to be so emotional it just what always happens when I write. I usually

don't even have an idea of what I'm going to write about when I start a song it just kind of comes out. It's weird. Then it all comes together at the end and seems to make a statement of some sort of sense. I must be possessed.

SLUG: Your lyrics are usually pretty esoteric so I assume people have often misunderstood what you were trying to say. Does it bother you when that happens?

D.H.: At this point in my life I could care less what people think. I am disappointed in the American ways and people in my community. Every damn day cars are killing us. No one walks anywhere anymore. Everyone's unhealthy and unhappy. Fat and sick. Wow this sounds awful. I love the mountains and the west desert otherwise I'd high tail it outta Dodge. Oh and Uinta beer.

SLUG: Your lyrics have also tied you in many people's minds to the emo scene. Do you feel like you fit in there?

D.H.: I'm not sure how I feel about it. When I listen to the Emo Diaries comp. we did I don't think we sound anything like any other of the bands. We are somewhat emotional I guess and we really play from the heart. I guess that is where we fit in. We are not trying to be a part of that scene at all but I do love Rites Of Spring and I've heard they are the grandfathers of that sound so...

SLUG: I was able to catch the first ever Magstatic show a few years back. I don't know if you remember the gig but you were playing in a movie theatre and you said something that night that got me thinking... you said "It is really hard to play for you people when you are just sitting there watching us like we are a movie." It made me think about how much punk rock relies on the

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idea of community, everyone contributing, including the crowd. Is that something that you find appealing about the kind of music you play?

D.H.: I have been thinking about this a lot lately. The shows here in town have gotten worse. Everyone is so bored at the show. Everyone just stands there and stares. It sucks. You need to like Spitfire or something to wake people up. No one has fun any more. It's super frustrating for a band. It makes me wonder why we are still even doing it sometimes. I keep looking back to the days when the shows were a blast and everyone bounced around even if the band was sucking. It just makes it a lot more fun for everyone. There are way too many cool people in this town now. I swear I'm going to make this town pay.

SLUG: Of course, there is the flip side. I saw you in The Stench hardly able to play or sing because the crowd knew your music so well they would literally take over the stage and the mic. It seemed to me that you started playing almost exclusively new songs at Stench gigs to maintain some control over the mic. True? Is that a down side?

D.H.: I love those days. I wish that still happened. The Stench played so many new songs just because we were so tired of playing the older ones. After awhile they just don't sound good any more.

SLUG: Did having the first Magstatic release on Sub Pop records give the band much exposure? Has it helped propel the band's "career"—for lack of a better word?

D.H.: Maybe a little but I think we are still a total nobody in the music world. Who buys 7" any more anyway? Except me? We are definitely not

making a career out of it. I just had to do a radio spot for UTA (Utah Transit Authority) for some extra cash. Talk about a sell out.

SLUG: Now that you work in a studio and have so much control over the production and engineering of Magstatic do you feel like you are better able to express what they band is all about?

D.H.: It's all about money. It was a pain to record all the stuff myself but we did it for free. Hopefully next time we will be able to use someone that we trust. I think it's important to get some outside feedback. Otherwise I'm always turning up the guitars too loud (laughs).

SLUG: What about when you produce other people's music? Do you feel like you're expressing yourself artistically when you do that?

D.H.: Yea totally. I wish more people would ask me to do that. I think I'm quite good at it. Check out the new *Erosion* CD. It rocks.

SLUG: I'd like to shift gears to your new solo album *Yard Sale* for a minute... Why was now the right time to release a solo album? I know you've recorded enough material to release solo albums before but never have...

D.H.: The record company actually said it wasn't the right time. I just wanted to do it. It's not selling great but I kinda just did it for myself. I figured if I wait on it I may never put it out. I'm pretty happy about it and I had a helluva time doing it. Sorry about all the synths. I kept listening to it and was like...um I think I need a synth part here, maybe one here, hey this could use something wacky here. I've had quite a bit of complaints about those damn synth parts. I love them.

SLUG: Any significance to the fact you released



Yard Sale with your own name and didn't use the Daisy Grey moniker?

D.H.: I should have put it out under The Stench so someone would buy it. I just figured no one would get the Daisy thing. It turned out kinda like my résumé.

SLUG: When I ask punk musicians what they savor most about being in a band I inevitably get a response about how "meeting people" and "making friends" is what they value most. I look at the fact you are still working with photographer Rick Egan after all these years and you used Brad Barker, another long time musician friend, to do the graphic design for *Yard Sale*. I wonder if the support of friends like that has a role in your continuing to play punk rock after a decade and a half?

D.H.: Sure. Brad and Rick both rule and I'm totally addicted to music. I'm doing it a lot for myself also. I just need to do it. It makes me happy. I know its better than a lot of crap out there and I also know its not incredible but it has already paid off in tons of different ways for me. I'll probably have like 30 records out by the time I'm 40.

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Daily Calendar

Monday, March 5

Primates- Burt's Tiki Lounge
James Solberg Band- Dead Goat Saloon

Leftover Salmon- Zephyr Club

Tuesday, March 6

Blues night- Burt's Tiki Lounge
Chris DiCroce- Kingsbury Hall
Old Man Johnson, Bennion Road- Liquid Joes

The Samples- University of Utah
Leftover Salmon- Zephyr Club

Wednesday, March 7

Violet Run, Alchemy- Burt's Tiki Lounge

Plug- Dead Goat Saloon

Sun House Healers- Kamikazes' (Ogden)

Razor Babes, Fistfull- Liquid Joe's

The Motet- Zephyr Club

Thursday, March 8

Pictures Can Tell- Burt's Tiki Lounge

Gearl Jam- Dead Goat Saloon

Sarah Brightman-

Delta Center

The Microphones,

Karl Blau, Shiftless

When Idle- Kilby Court

Pilut CD Release- Liquid Joe's

ASUU Presenter's Showcase-Salsa

Brava, Slapdown, open mic poetry-

Union Ballroom, UofU

Soulhat- Zephyr Club

Friday, March 9

Highball Train- Burt's Tiki Lounge

Wise Monkey- Dead Goat Saloon

Machine- Kamikazes' (Ogden)

Hunter Rose, System, Pieces of

Eight, Pictures Can Tell- Kilby

Court

Chola- Liquid Joe's

Tangent CD Release- Uprok, after party Club @t

Pl- Yabut's

Saturday, March 10

Hostile Omish- Burt's Tiki Lounge

Nick Curran- Dead Goat Saloon

Carman, Zoe Girl- Delta Center

Maladjusted, Opposable Thumb- Getty's

Dexter Grove- Hog Wallow

Kristagong- Kamikazes' (Ogden)

Enemymine, JJ Nobody, Iodina-

Kilby Court

Royal Bliss- Liquid Joe's

Lost Highway- University of Utah

Vertical Skinny CD Release-

Yabut's

Wise Monkey Orchestra- Deadgoat

Sunday, March 11

Highball Train- Burt's Tiki Lounge

The Minders, Office Party, Jenny

Jensens- Kilby Court

The Rosenbergs- Zephyr Club

Monday, March 12

Larry McCray- Dead Goat Saloon

Living End- DV8

Point of Recognition, Her Blacklist

Disaster- Kilby Court

EyeQRocks- Wagstaff Music

Tuesday, March 13

Big John Bates, Unlucky Boys-

Burt's Tiki Lounge

Aden, Brilliant Stereo Mob, Star

No Star- Kilby Court

No Release- Liquid Joe's

Tony Furtado Band- Zephyr

Wednesday, March 14

Big John Bates, Unlucky Boys-

ABG's (Provo)

Never Never, the Lack Thereof-

Burt's Tiki Lounge

Trouser Trout- Dead Goat Saloon

Pilut, Swank 5- Kamikazes' (Ogden)

Gerald

Karyn Whittemore- Groovacious Records (Cedar City)

Sketch- Kamikazes' (Ogden)

Cursive, MacGyver, New Transit

Direction- Kilby Court

Disco Drippers- Liquid Joe's

Zambu Fly, Notice- Yabut's

Danny Dean & the Home

Wreckers,

The Specials' Neville Staples-

Zephyr Club

Sunday, March 18

Highball Train- Burt's Tiki Lounge

Walls of Jericho, Undying- Kilby

Court

Systemwide- Zephyr Club

Steve Earle- Harry O's

Monday, March 19

Fig- Burt's Tiki Lounge

Joanna Connor Band- Dead Goat

Saloon

Royal Bliss- Getty's

Old Man Johnson, Bennion Road-

Jordy's (Ogden)

Jebu- Kamikazes' (Ogden)

Unfold, Set in Motion, Final

Notice- Kilby Court

Riverdance- Kingsbury Hall

Huge- Phat Squirrel

Royal Finger Bowl- Yabut's

Saturday, March 24

Carolyn Wonderland, Imperial

Monkeys- Dead Goat Saloon

Kettlefish- Getty's

Skint- Kamikazes' (Ogden)

Spitball, Underlie, Moon

Monsters- Kilby Court

Riverdance- Kingsbury Hall

Alchemy, Fistfull- Yabut's

Sunday, March 25

Highball Train- Burt's Tiki Lounge

Carissa's Weird, St. Ryan's Lament,

Cobra- Kilby Court

Riverdance- Kingsbury Hall

Galactic- Harry O's

Monday, March 26

A Simple Excuse- Burt's Tiki

Lounge

Lou Pride- Dead Goat

Saloon

Dust for Life, Slaves On

Dope, Spike 1000, Union

Underground- DV8

Figgs, Corleones, Politically Erect-

Kilby Court

Galactic- Harry O's

Tuesday, March 27

Blues Jam- Burt's Tiki Lounge

By a Thread- Kilby Court

Wednesday, March 28

Impulse- Burt's Tiki Lounge

Uncle Jake- Dead Goat Saloon

Karmakanics- Kamikazes' (Ogden)

Tsunami Bomb- Kilby Court

The Radiators- Zephyr Club

Thursday, March 29

Mr. Whoopee- Dead Goat Saloon

Bratmobile, Selby Tigers, the

Donnas- DV8

Outkast, Ludakris- E Center

Opal Hill- Getty's

Necropsy- Kamikazes' (Ogden)

Harem Scarem- Kilby Court

Brother Sage- Yabut's

The Radiators- Zephyr Club

Friday, March 30

Thunderfist- Burt's Tiki Lounge

Zach Parrish- Dead Goat Saloon

Fat Paw- Getty's

Calvin Johnson, Wolf Colonel, Get

the Hell

Out of the Way of the Volcano-

Kilby Court

Old Man Johnson, Huge,

Karmakanics- Ya'Buts

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Music- Liquid Joe's

Stranger Neighbor- Port O'Call

Gene Loves Jezebel- Zephyr

Thursday, March 15

Sea of Jones- Burt's Tiki Lounge

Sweetgrass- Dead Goat Saloon

Fairlanes- Kilby Court

Clean- Liquid Joe's

Grand Opening of St@tic (Gothic

night)- Club @t

Jazz Indeed- Harry O's

Friday, March 16

Code 9, This Life- Burt's Tiki

Lounge

Drums & Tuba- Dead Goat Saloon

Hilliard Ensemble- Gardner Hall

Velvet Jones, No Release-

Kamikazes' (Ogden)

Disco Drippers- Liquid Joe's

Bowling for Soup, Lovesucker,

Fumamos- Yabut's

Danny Dean & the Home

Wreckers,

The Specials' Neville Staples-

Zephyr Club

Jazz Indeed- Harry O's

Saturday, March 17

MxPx, Good Charlotte- Brick's

Thunderfist, Wormdrive- Burt's

Tiki Lounge

Norton Buffalo, Knockouts- Dead

Goat Saloon

Aparo, Electrasy- Liquid Joe's

Tuesday, March 20

Blues Jam- Burt's Tiki Lounge

Tom Constanten, Backwash Dead

Goat Saloon

Nelly Furtado- DV8

Death Cab For Cutie, John

Vanderslice- Kilby Court

Riverdance- Kingsbury Hall

Wednesday, March 21

"Ground Control Allstars Tour."

Aceyalone, ed-O.G., Rasco, The

Masterminds- Brick's

Closet Poets, Jack Ass Willy- Dead

GoatSaloon

Sand- Kamikazes' (Ogden)

Jack Wright- Kilby Court

Riverdance- Kingsbury Hall

Zeke, Flogging Molly w/Tad &

Wormdrive- Liquid Joe's

Baseboard Heaters- Zephyr Club

Thursday, March 22

Gearl Jam- Dead Goat Saloon

Cartoon Criminals- Getty's

Applicators, Juggernaut- Kilby

Court

Riverdance- Kingsbury Hall

Form of Rocket, Diestro- Yabut's

Friday, March 23

Nurse Sherry, Slump Buster- Burt's

Tiki Lounge

Lee Rocker- Dead Goat Saloon

Angie

The Numbs- *Zephyr Club*
Saturday, March 31
 Thunderfist, the Beauty- *Burt's Tiki Lounge*
 Teddy Morgan & the Pistolas- *Dead Goat Saloon*
 Shadetree- *Kamikazes' (Ogden)*
 Less Than Jake, Teen Idols, New Found Glory, Anti-Flag- *State Fairpark*
 PooPeeDee Allstars, Nurse Sherry- *Yabut's*
 Dirty Dozen Brass Band- *Zephyr Club*

Sunday, April 1

Highball Train- *Burt's Tiki Lounge*

Monday, April 2

Debbie Davies Band- *Dead Goat Saloon*

Bela Fleck & Flecktones- *University of Utah*

Tuesday, April 3

Blues Jam- *Burt's Tiki Lounge*

Wednesday, April 4

The Shins- *Kilby Court*

Joe Jackson- *Kingsbury Hall*

Thursday, April 5

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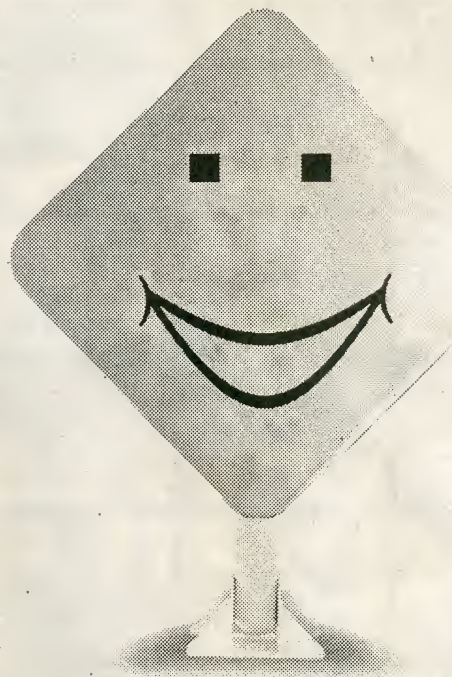
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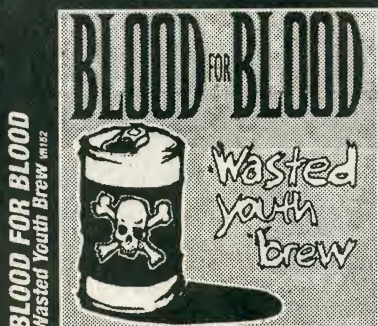
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4 <i>Living Daylights</i>	5 Leftover Salmon	6	7 The Motet <i>Greenberry Jam</i>	8 Marmalade Hill	9 Thirsty Alley <i>Insatiable</i>	10 Soulhat CITRUS
11 The Rosenburgs	12 <i>The Houseman Juice</i>	13 Tony Furtado	14 Gene Loves Jezebel	15 RAGGA SOL JAH	16 The Specials <i>Neville Staple</i>	17
18 Systemwide	19 Stonefed	20 John Mayall	21 Mountain Baseboard Heaters	22 DAVID NEILSON BAND	23 Disco Drippers	24
25 Jonny Light Foot	26 The Kingdom	27 <i>B-Side Players</i>	28 <i>Living Daylights</i>	29 Hoochie Mama NOVA PARDISO	30 <i>Thin King</i>	31 dirty dozen brass band

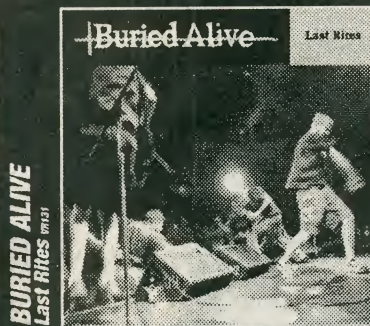
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